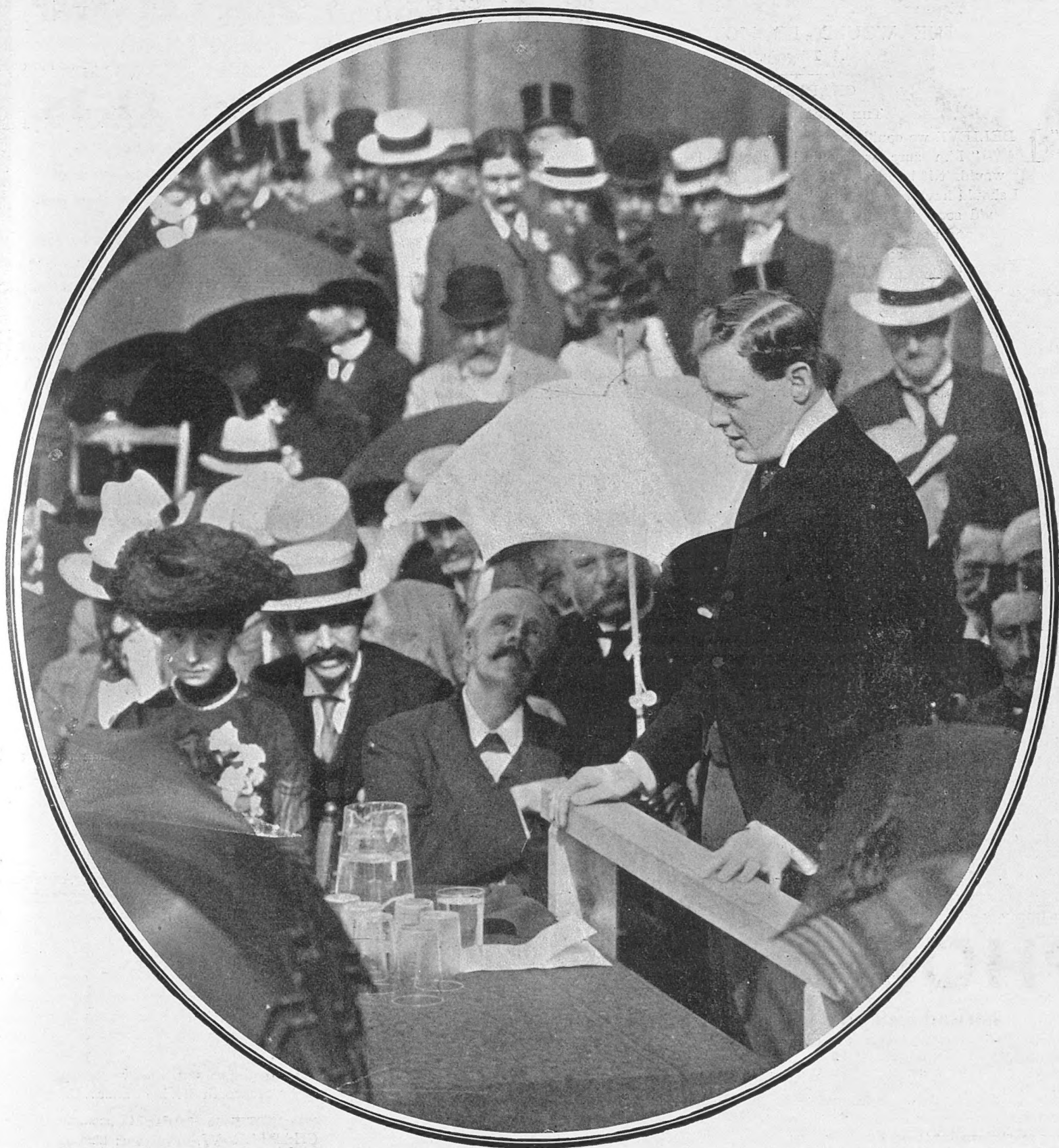


The Sketch

No. 1018.—Vol. LXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1912.

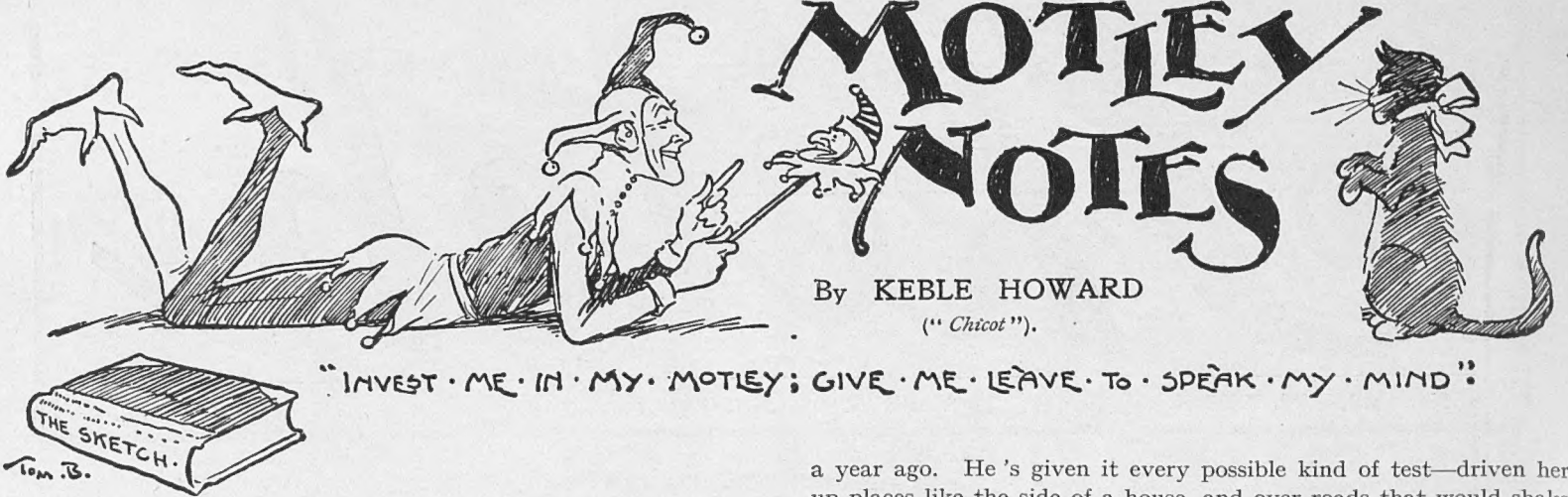
SIXPENCE.



WILL THE LIKE EVER BE SEEN AGAIN? MR. BALFOUR'S RAPT ADMIRATION OF MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

This photograph, chiefly notable for the rapt manner in which Mr. Balfour is following Mr. Winston Churchill's sayings, was taken when the present First Lord of the Admiralty was a staunch Conservative and was speaking at Blenheim Palace eleven years ago. There was another Unionist rally at Blenheim—which is, of course, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough—on Saturday last. It was arranged that "fighting speeches" should be made on that occasion by Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. F. E. Smith, and Sir Edward Carson. It should be noted that on the left of the photograph, and on Mr. Balfour's right, is the Duchess of Marlborough.

Photograph by Sport and General.



THE WOULD-BE MOTORIST.

A Tragedy.

CHAPTER I.

THE GLORIOUS IDEA.

"I BELIEVE we could manage it," said Kenneth.
 "I'm sure we could!" replied Di. "Oh, Kenneth, wouldn't it be lovely!"
 "I should have to drive and look after it myself, of course."
 "You'd soon get into it. Geoff knew nothing about it when he started, and now they go everywhere!"
 "We could have some ripping runs!"
 "Rather! And perhaps we might go for a tour! I've always longed to go for a tour in a motor-car."
 "Scotland, eh? Or would you prefer France?"
 "Oh, both! Scotland this year, and France the next! And then think how splendid it would be when we wanted to run up to the theatre! No horrid trains to catch! Simply too glorious for words! When will you see about it? You won't waste any time, will you?"
 "Oh, no. I'll have a talk to one or two men to-day."
 "I shall be dying to hear what they say!"

CHAPTER II.

THE VERY THING.

"What sort of a car do you want, my boy?" asked Derwentwater.
 "Well, a small car just for myself and my wife. Something I can handle myself. Sometimes, of course, we should be glad to have room for a friend."
 "I see. What you want is a good-sized two-seater. About what price do you care to pay?"
 "I thought one might get a little car of the kind for two hundred pounds. One sees them advertised."
 "Quite right. And I can put you on to the very thing. D'you know the 'Cheesebiscuit' cars? Their small, new-type two-seater is exactly the car you describe. Take my word for it, you couldn't do better. I've had one for eighteen months. I gave one hundred and ninety for her, brand-new. She's done seventeen thousand miles, and I've never had the least trouble with her. Costs nothing to run, and she could be handled by an infant in arms. If you like to fix a day next week, I'll take you down to the works and introduce you to the managing-director."
 "That's awfully good of you."
 "Not at all, old man. How would Tuesday do?"
 "Splendidly. I'll come round to your place about four. Many thanks."

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST SHADOW.

"You please yourself, my dear boy," said Windermere, "but I tell you frankly that I wouldn't take a 'Cheesebiscuit' car myself if they offered me one as a free gift! That's straight!"
 "Really? They were very strongly recommended to me."
 "That's quite likely, and I'm not going to say a word against your pal's judgment. But buying a motor-car is about ten times as tricky as buying a horse. For one decent 'Cheesebiscuit' that leaves the works there are fifty rotten ones on the market. Your pal seems to have been exceptionally lucky, but then his experience is limited."
 "What make of car, then, would you advise?"
 "Well, for what you want, you couldn't possibly do better than the small two-cylinder 'Flakedwafer.' I haven't got one myself at the present moment, but a great friend of mine bought one just

a year ago. He's given it every possible kind of test—driven her up places like the side of a house, and over roads that would shake almost any other car to pieces—and never had any trouble that he couldn't put right in twenty minutes. I'll get him to run me over on Sunday, and then you can judge for yourself."

"That's awfully good of you."

"Not a bit! I want you to get the right thing! Bye-bye till Sunday!"

CHAPTER IV.

BLACKER AND BLACKER.

"Who in the world put you on to that?"
 "Windermere. He's a great motorist, isn't he?"
 "I don't know about being a great motorist, but if he said one single good word for the 'Flakedwafer' cars he must be a champion liar!"
 "Aren't they good?"
 "Good? Ask anybody! Ask the first man you meet who knows anything at all about the motor trade! Why, the 'Flakedwafer' is a by-word for everything that's rotten! I'm very glad you asked my advice! I've saved you your money and a big disappointment, I can assure you!"
 "Thanks awfully. And what about the 'Cheesebiscuits'?"
 "Well, they're just a shade worse, if anything, than the others. Both makes, in point of fact, are done and out. Now, if you really want a sweet little car, a car that will take any hill you like to put before her, good for tour, good for town, good for anything, you be guided by me, old son, and get a 'Barleystick.' You must have heard the name—famous everywhere! There's a little car in a million!"
 "Have you got one yourself?"
 "No, because I just happened to have bought a new car when I heard of these. Wasn't that rotten luck! I was mad, I can tell you! Anyway, the next car I get will certainly be a 'Barleystick.' That's good enough, isn't it?"
 "Quite. Thanks awfully for the tip."
 "That's all right. Shall I put them in touch with you?"
 "Will you? It's very good of you."
 "Only too delighted. I know one of the chief men there, and he'll do anything for me."

CHAPTER V.

THE HURRICANE.

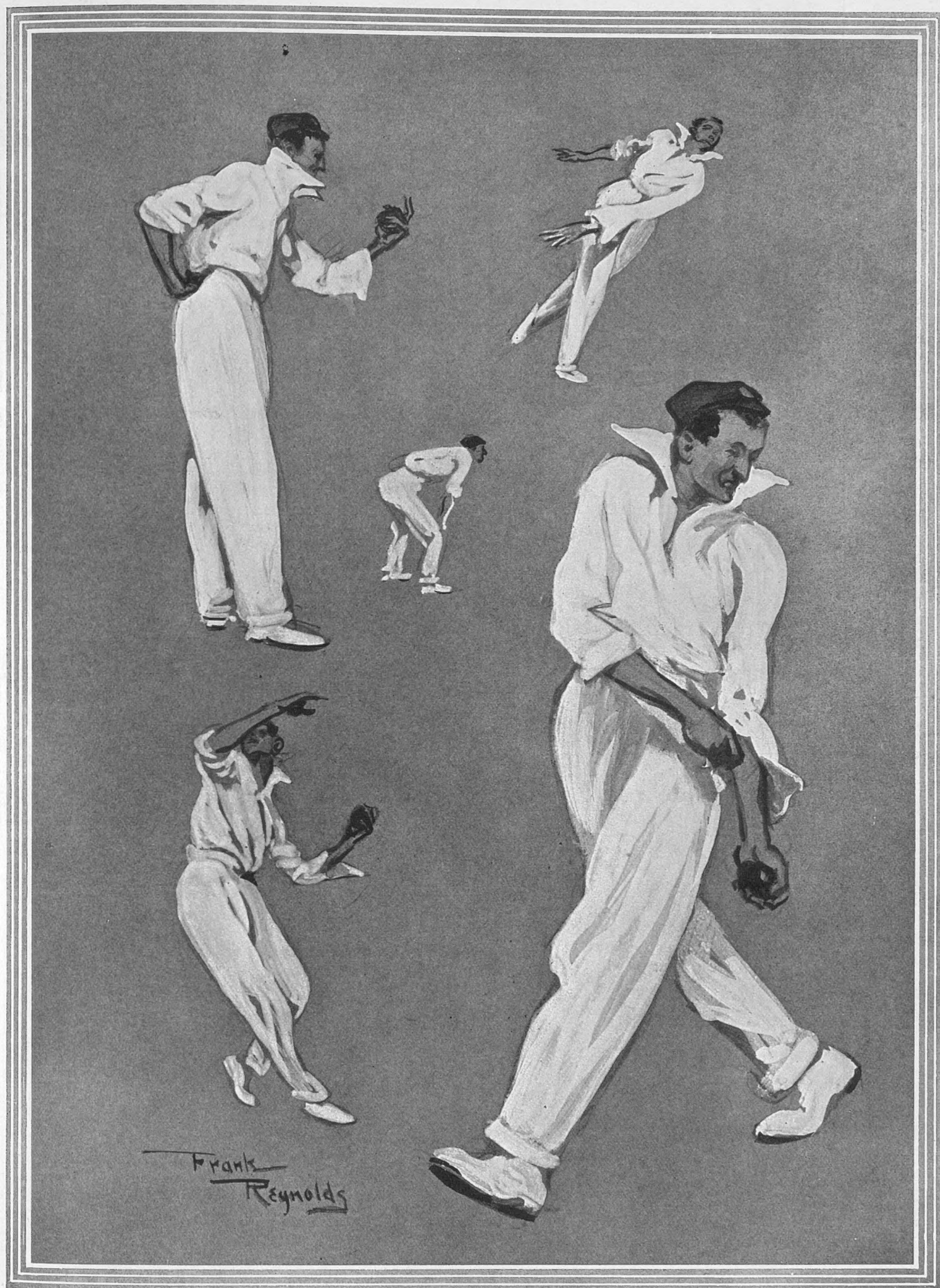
Just to make quite, quite sure, Kenneth mentioned the "Barleystick" to Ambleside, whom he met in the train. Ambleside chuckled.
 "He's been pulling your leg, old boy. Nobody ever heard of any such car. They don't exist."
 "But why should he take the trouble to invent all that?"
 "Oh, it's possible that they have a few sample cars on the market, and they'll probably send you any amount of printing. Don't you touch 'em. If it comes to that, don't you go in for a cheap car at all. They're no good. If you want a car, get a real good 'un. You'll find it cheaper in the long run."
 "How much d'you think I ought to pay, then?"
 "Well, you can't really get a car worth driving under a thousand."

CHAPTER VI.

DESPAIR.

"Dearest!" murmured Kenneth.
 "Darling!" sobbed Di.
 "We must try to bear it, mustn't we?"
 "Yes. I think my heart is broken, but it doesn't really matter."
 "That's right. And we'll go for some nice long walks instead."

LORDS OF LORD'S: No. VI.—FRANK FOSTER.



BOWLER AND BATSMAN TOO: MR. F. R. FOSTER, WARWICKSHIRE'S YOUNG AND ENERGETIC CAPTAIN.

Mr. F. R. Foster, who led Warwickshire to victory last year as Champion County for the first time, was born at Small Heath in 1889, and was only sixteen when, in 1906, he made his debut for the county and headed the bowling averages. He is a left-hand slow bowler, varying his pace with great judgment. Three years ago he unexpectedly developed also into a first-rate batsman, making 97 against Hampshire at Leamington. He went to Australia last autumn with the English team, and made some big scores, including 158 against South Australia at Adelaide, and 101 against Victoria at Melbourne. In the first Test Match against Australia, at Sydney, he made 56 and 21; in the third, at Adelaide, 71; and in the fourth, at Melbourne, 50. His batting average last year was 42.47; his bowling average 20.31. This year he has so far been a little bit off colour, owing to the hard work of three successive seasons, though he has played some useful innings for England in the Test Matches, such as 30 against South Africa, at Leeds, and 20 against Australia, at Lord's. For Warwickshire against the Australians, at Birmingham, he made 29 and 23. His bowling is always effective.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

UP — RIVER — GUARDS ! THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE'S REGATTA.



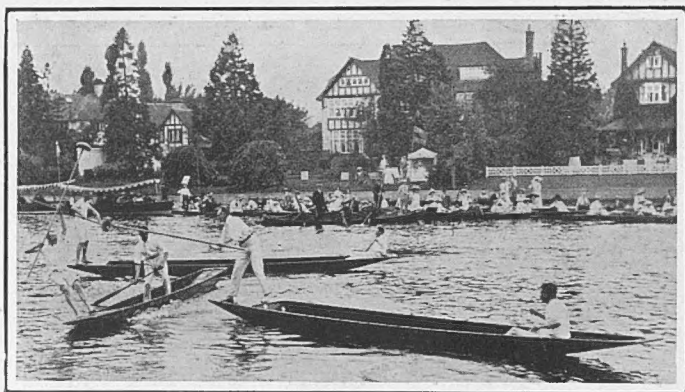
DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF ROSSLYN AND WIFE OF A GUARDSMAN; LADY ROSABELLE BINGHAM.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



THE WINNER OF THE SINGLE PUNTING AND HIS WIFE; CAPTAIN VISCOUNT DALRYMPLE—M.P., SCOTS GUARDSMAN, AND JOINT WINNER IN THE DOUBLE PUNTING—AND VISCOUNTESS DALRYMPLE.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



CREATING MUCH AMUSEMENT: MOP-FIGHTING IN FULL SWING IN MID-STREAM.

Photograph by Sport and General.



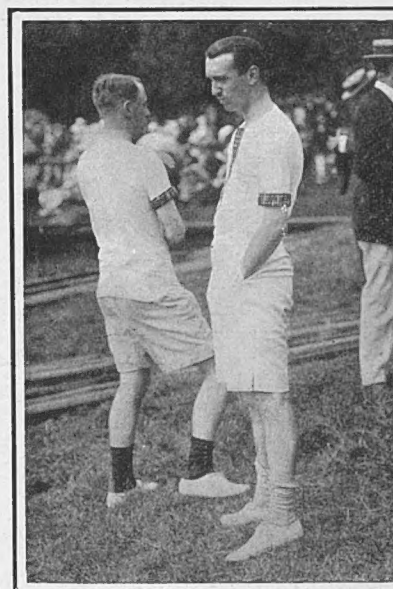
THE EVENT WON BY MAJOR T. G. MATHESON AND MR. A. F. SMITH: THE START OF THE DOUBLE CANADIAN CANOE RACE.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



INTERESTED SPECTATORS LOOKING AT VISCOUNT DALRYMPLE'S WIN IN THE SINGLE PUNTING RACE: MRS. MATHESON (1); LADY ROSABELLE BINGHAM (2); MRS. QUILTER (3); LORD ARDEE (4).

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

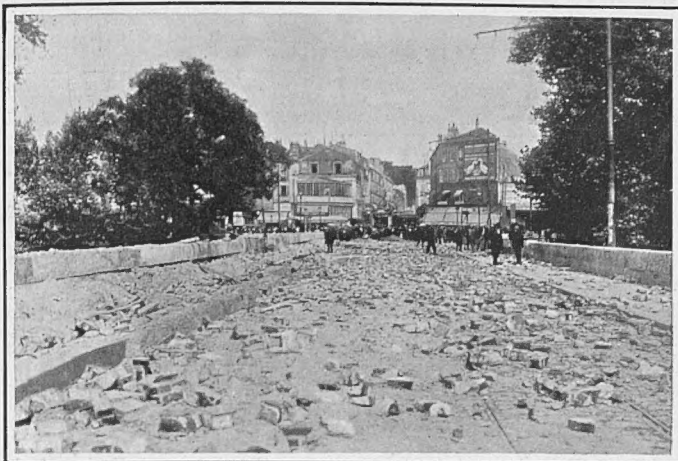


BOW OF THE SCOTS GUARDS' EIGHT: THE EARL OF LISBURNE, SEVENTH HOLDER OF THE TITLE.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

The annual regatta of the Brigade of Guards was held in Bray Reach, Maidenhead, last week, and was a great success, not only from the social, but from the racing point of view. Our photographs were taken during the finals. With regard to them the following notes should be made: The marriage of Lady Rosabelle St. Claire Erskine, only daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn, by his first marriage, and Mr. David Cecil Bingham, of the Coldstream Guards, took place in February of this year.—Viscount Dalrymple, M.P. for Wigtownshire (C) since January of 1906, was born in 1879, and is the only son of the Earl of Stair. He is in the Scots Guards and served in South Africa. In 1904 he married Violet Evelyn, daughter of Colonel Frederick Henry Harford. He has two sons, the elder of whom, the Hon. John Aymer Dalrymple, Master of Stair, was born in 1906; and two daughters. In addition to winning the single punting, Lord Dalrymple and Mr. E. O. Stewart won the double punting.—The double Canadian canoe race was won by Major T. G. Matheson and Mr. A. F. Smith, who beat easily Captain the Hon. E. Brabazon and Mr. L. N. Mackinnon.—The Regimental Eights were won by the Grenadier Guards, who beat the Scots Guards by two lengths.

BROUGHT DOWN BY THE CAMERA: A MIXED BAG.



WHAT MAY HAPPEN IF YOU THROW DOWN A LIGHTED MATCH: RESULT OF THE EXTRAORDINARY EXPLOSION ON THE CHARENTON BRIDGE.

It is not often, fortunately, that the throwing down of a lighted match has such alarming results as those here shown. A Paris workman crossing the Charenton Bridge, over the Seine, in the eastern district of Paris, the other day, in the early hours of the morning, lit a cigarette and threw the match down. Instantly there was a terrific explosion, which hurled him against the parapet and wrecked one side of the bridge almost from end to end. It is thought that the match set fire to some gas escaping from the mains.

Photograph by Branger.



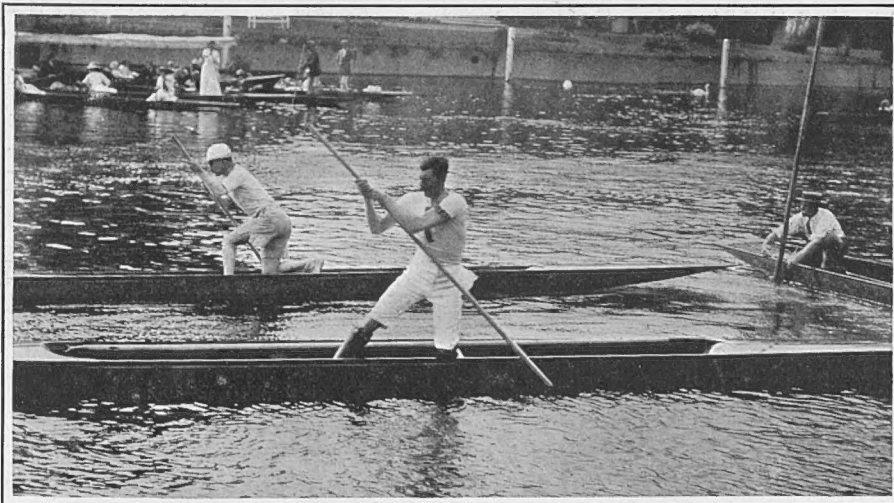
WRITERS TO THE CYGNET: THAMES SWAN-MASTERS NEAR OLD WINDSOR, BREAKING THE RECORD FOR A DAY'S "SWAN-UPPING."

"Swan-upping" is the yearly journey of swan-masters up the Thames from Southwark to Henley to mark the beaks of young birds with their owner's sign. There are about 600 swans on the Thames, belonging in about equal proportions to the King and the Vintners' and Dyers' Companies, whose swan-masters are respectively Messrs. T. R. Abnett, R. H. Turk, and F. T. Turk. Each has assistants in uniform. On the occasion illustrated over thirty birds were marked—a record in recent years. The public-house sign "The Swan with two Necks" is a corruption of "The Swan with two Nicks."—[*Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.*]



AFTER RECEIVING THE GRAND CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR: THE PRINCE OF WALES LEAVING THE ELYSÉE AFTER PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES HAD INVESTED HIM WITH FRANCE'S HIGHEST DECORATION.

As a final mark of honour before the termination of his visit to France the Prince of Wales was invested by President Fallières, on the 23rd, with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour when he paid his farewell visit to the Elysée. The Prince was accompanied by the Hon. Lancelot Carnegie, Minister Plenipotentiary representing the British Ambassador, and before the ceremony lunched with M. and Mme. Fallières, the French Premier and other Ministers also being present. As the Prince was incognito the investiture was private.—[*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*]



KNIGHTS OF THE POLE: A HEAT IN THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE REGATTA AT MAIDENHEAD.

The photograph shows Captain Viscount Dalrymple, M.P. (nearest the camera) and Mr. G. Hope racing in a heat of the single punting competition. Lord Dalrymple won.

Photograph by C.N.



BUCKLING TO: VISCOUNTESS DALRYMPLE PREPARING HER HUSBAND FOR THE FRAY.

Viscount Dalrymple, is the only son and heir of the Earl of Stair. In 1904 he married Violet Evelyn, only daughter of Colonel Harford.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

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GUSTAVE ON HOTELS: BATH-ROOM HUMOURS: LIFTS FOR SERVANTS AND RIFLES FOR SAVAGES.

The Resignation of Gustave.

The resignation of Gustave from the post of manager of the Savoy Hotel reminds me of the ever-growing list of great *maitres-d'hôtel* who have held the position. Ritz, Joseph, Jules, Pruger, were the predecessors of Gustave. I fancy that what is always said of the post of Adjutant-General in India applies equally to the managership of the great hotel on the Victoria Embankment. If the General who holds the post of Adjutant-General in our Indian Empire goes through his term of office without breaking down through overwork he is assured of the succession to some big command. So it is with the managers of the Savoy. They either become proprietors of hotels and restaurants, or are paid a Prime Minister's salary to go to some other great caravanserai or some gigantic club.

One Man, One Bath-Room.

The prophecies of Gustave as to the luxury of hotels in the near future interest me, and I am sure will have interested everyone who travels frequently. In most of the new big hotels on the Continent two-thirds of the bed-rooms have private bath-rooms, and sooner or later that will be the average in any good London hotel, though the number of bed-rooms in an hotel will be reduced in consequence, and the prices charged will go up. When bath-rooms were first put into hotels, half a century ago, for daily use, they were considered a great luxury, and it has taken fifty years for the slow-moving British to appreciate the discomfort of running about corridors in the morning in dressing-gowns only to find that the bath-rooms are always occupied by people who take their tubs in leisurely fashion. There has been more waste of good temper through the occupied bath-room than through any other discomfort of travel.

Baths and Tips.

When the Thackeray of next century writes of the humours of country-house life of the present day, he will make great capital out of the scheming of the maids to hold a bath-room for their mistresses against all comers, and will make our great-grandchildren smile by describing the

Comfort and the Telephone.

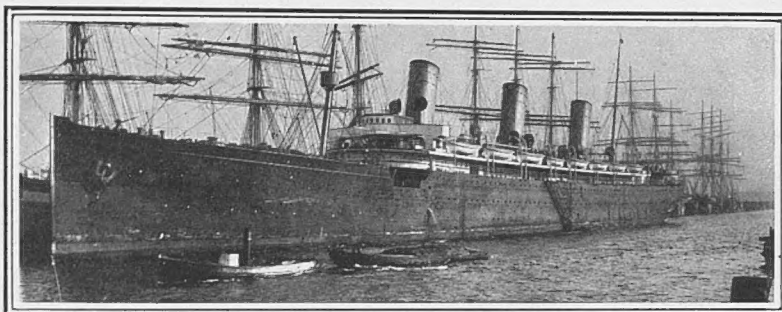
Another luxurious change foreseen by the retiring manager of the Savoy is that it will be possible to telephone in comfort from an arm-chair in a lounge or palm-garden instead of being cooped up, standing in a box, like a prisoner en route to a police-court. But before this change takes place some inventor must find a way of deadening the voice of the man or lady at the telephone, for a man talking business to his partner in the City, or a lady discussing family matters with her relatives do not want their share of the conversation to reach whoever occupies the next arm-chair. The telephone, like the bath-room, is just emerging from its first stage of being a useful nuisance into that of being a necessary luxury.

The Coming of the Lift.

The next luxury to vex the souls of landlords in London is the lift. One after another the tall houses in Mayfair and Belgravia are being pulled about to make room for a lift, and soon a tenant inquiring for a house in one of the less fashionable neighbourhoods will make a lift a *sine qua non*. I hear now of servants applying for a place making inquiries whether there is a servants' bath-room

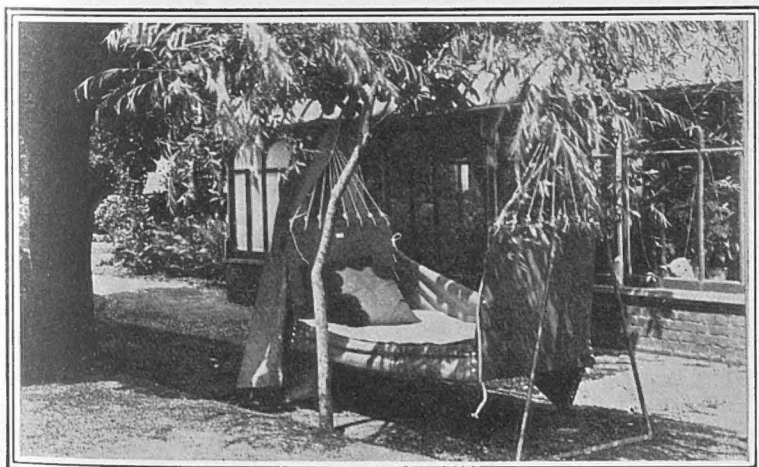
in the house, and eventually, no doubt, a servants' lift will replace the back stairs.

The Gun-Runners. The men who used to make much gold in the slave trade seem now to have turned their attention to gun-running, which is almost as exciting and lucrative as disposing of "black ivory." Our Indian cavalry on the Baluchistan border are constantly called upon to intercept Arabs taking caravans of arms from the Persian Gulf to Afghanistan. A new market for arms seems to have been opened up in the region between Northern Uganda and the western border of Abyssinia, and tens of thousands of rifles bearing the mark of French factories are now in the hands of savages there. During the recent British operations far up in the Soudan, when the British column had to fight desperately to avoid a defeat, the naked savages who opposed our advance we found to be armed with similar French rifles, and Arabs,



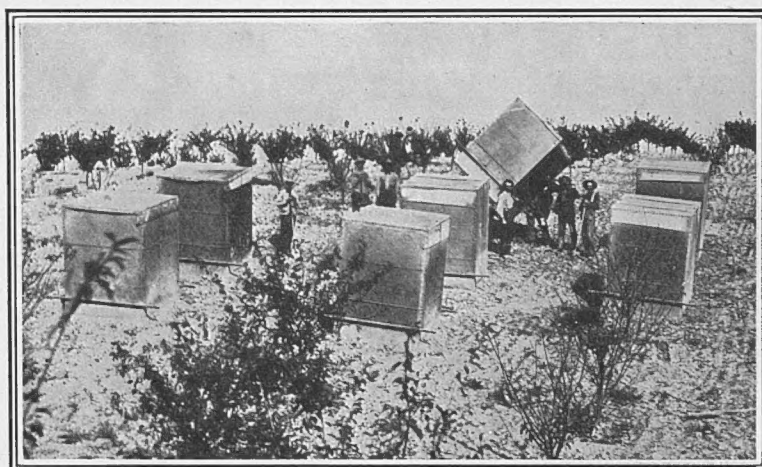
A STEAMSHIP WHICH WAS ANCHORED AT HAMBURG FOR TWELVE YEARS: THE "KAISER FRIEDRICH."

For twelve years the steamship "Kaiser Friedrich," subject of numerous lengthy lawsuits, remained at anchor in Hamburg Harbour. She has just been sold, and has left for the Argentine. Photograph by Atelier Schaul.



THE GARDEN BED—FOR HUMAN FLOWERS: AN AMERICAN HAMMOCK-COUCH IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN FOR SLEEPING OUT IN SUMMER.

The couch consists of a light spring mattress swung between iron supports. In case of rain, the canvas "hood" can be drawn and canvas "sides" laced up against the breeze. Photograph by J. H. Willis.



PRIVATE BOXES FOR FRUIT-TREES! PREPARING FOR FUMIGATION IN AN AMERICAN ORCHARD.

When it is desired to fumigate a tree to kill pests destructive of the fruit, a box is placed over it, completely isolating it and shutting in the fumes. Photograph by E. J. Farrington.

members of a house party scuttling about the corridors in *déshabille*, the ladies with their hair down, pretending not to see each other, or exchanging shamefaced salutations during the morning siege of the bath-rooms. I have always petitioned, when on a visit, to be allowed a small bath in my own room, and as this entails extra work on the footman who brings the water, when one does not take a valet on one's train, I have always remembered that fact when considering the question of tips.

who must have been trained in some school of war, were heard giving words of command to the wild levies. The white man in small numbers has always beaten the black man in great numbers when they have first clashed, because of the discipline of the whites, and because they have been armed with good rifles; but if the white man finds the untutored savage with a good rifle in his hand and an unlimited supply of cartridges, the odds on civilisation against savagery will become very much shorter.



WHETHER under Lord Kitchener's twinkling eye at the Londonderry House luncheon-table, or among the tents and



MISS EVA PAULINA BOUGHEY, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. JOHN W. GREENE WAS FIXED FOR JULY 30.

Miss Boughey is the second of the four daughters of the late Rev. Sir George Boughey, fifth Baronet of a 1798 creation. The present Baronet is her uncle. Her sister Dorothy is the Hon. Mrs. Clegg-Hill, half-sister-in-law of Viscount Hill.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

tea-urns of garden-parties, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein is a great figure. The tallest of the Ambassadors, he is also, on most nights, by far the tallest man at the Ritz or the Carlton. To see him at his public tankard at the open-air tables of Constantinople

was one of the sights of that resplendent city, for he takes his beer with the Germanic gravity of a Bismarck. But he takes in his surroundings with as great an aptitude as he takes in other things. His genius is his adaptability. Already he is necessary to the success of London social gatherings. But one British habit he will not make his own; he is bored on the moors.

The Customary Suit. The Commons is assuredly a strange stronghold of combined cranks and conservatism. Its members are drawn from every conceivable



ENGAGED TO MR. NORMAN E. McLEOD MORE: MISS E. FRANKLIN-SMITH.

Mr. McLeod More is in the 3rd (Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

class, and yet it never omits to laugh loudly at itself if it fails to conform to the middle-paths of propriety. Mr. Winston Churchill, who dares most things, has not yet dared to appear there in the only entirely sensible clothes he possesses—a thing of gossamer cloth with aluminium buttons, and a total weight of thirty-six ounces. Sir Alfred Mond recently faced the House in whites and was, unofficially, called to order. "White slave," some member cried, himself smothered up in black, the hue, after all, of most subject races.

No End of Birrelling. Political and not too friendly rumour is consigning Mr. Birrell to the House of Lords, that haunt of "dead men talking by candle-light," on the ground that we have seen his best. If one believed these gloomy accounts one would have to think of him as being, like Mr. Chesterton (according to himself), in danger from the officers of the Mentally Deficient Bill, who will write out their certificates for segregation, says G. K. C., before one can say "Saleeby!" But Mr. Birrell is not going to be segregated or shelved. Only a short time ago

his great voice was provoked to all its old full rumbling mightiness. A member was attempting to bring him to book for some speech of the past, and quoted what he considered a damning passage. "Can the right hon. gentleman deny having used those words?" he ended. Then Mr. Birrell rose: "I have no recollection of saying anything of the sort. But if I did, I certainly did not say it in that silly-ass way," he thundered, and sat down.

Only Lodgers. Lowthers have added many a page to the histories made and kept by estate-agents. And, as chance has it, Mrs. Lowther's father also left his mark upon the landscape, for he was that inveterate builder of churches, Beresford Hope. When, two years ago, Hurstmonceux, one of the glories of Sussex, was going a-begging, it was Mr. Claude Lowther who took possession—at a price. Of the sale of Lowther Lodge nothing need be said, save that families who buy greatly must sell greatly. The Speaker has his own house, but for all that it is deeply regretted that the family



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN C. A. JAMES: MISS KEKEWICH.

Miss Kekewich, we may note, is a niece of Lady Willoughby de Broke. Captain James is in the Indian Army.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

mansion in Prince's Gate passes out of his hands. The only appropriate thing seemed to be that it should even, at the twelfth hour, be knocked down—to a Lowther. And the only comforting thing said about the sale is credited to the Speaker himself: "Remember, my father called it only a Lodge—we gave ourselves out as no more than Lodgers."

The Cowes-Catcher. The Marquess and Marchioness of Ormonde are

entertaining a large party for the Cowes Week at Solent Lodge; Nubia House will be filled by the friends of Sir Godfrey Baring; Thornhill is at the disposal of Viscount and Viscountess Iveagh, and Hamlet Lodge is Lady



VISITING LONDON WITH HER HUSBAND: THE SPANISH RANEE OF KAPURTHALA.

Before her marriage, the Ranee was Señorita Delgado, a reigning beauty of Spain. Her wedding took place some four years ago. Kapurthala, one of the Punjab States, has an area of 652 square miles. The Rajah has a salute of eleven guns.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Dorchester's. Lord Brassey's, Mr. Albert Brassey's, Lord Iveagh's and Sir Walter Runciman's yachts were early on the scene, and the Empress Eugénie is again on board the *Thistle*, still full of eagerness as owner and



ENGAGED TO MR. FREDERICK CHARLES PALMER: MISS ELSIE KATHLEEN TURNEY.

Miss Turney is the only daughter of Mrs. Turney, of 28, Bramham Gardens, and the late Mr. James Neeve Turney. Mr. Palmer is the only son of Sir Alfred Molyneux Palmer, Bt., and Lady Palmer, of Newbrough Lodge, Fourstones, Northumberland. [Photograph by Thomson.]

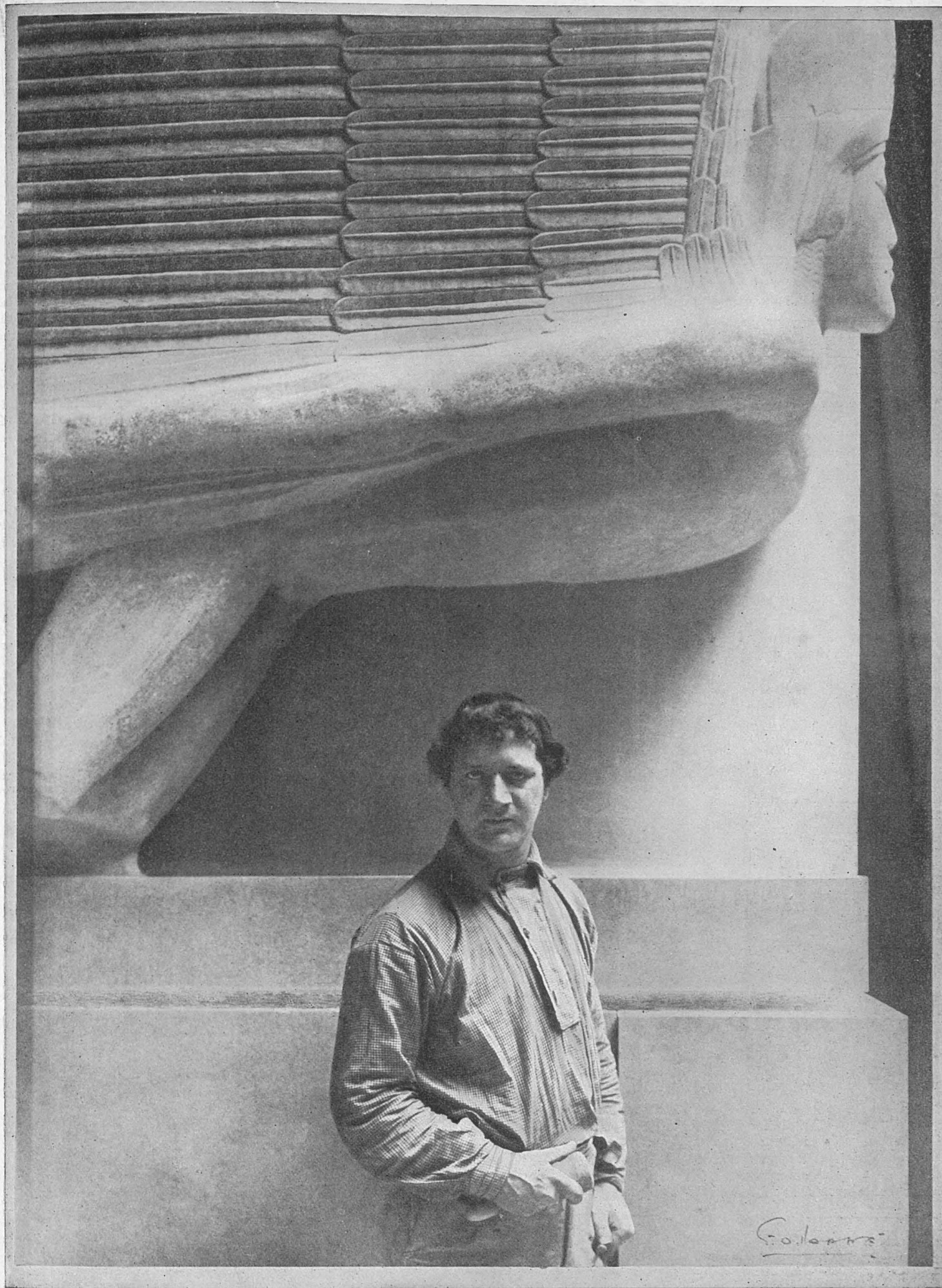
entertainer. Egypt House, an important station, is let to Mr. William Bradshaw, who never misses Cowes—or trains.



A HOSTESS ENTERTAINING CONSIDERABLY THIS SEASON: MRS. A. DE PORTAL KINGSMILL.

Mrs. de Portal Kingsmill is giving a good many charming entertainments at 13, Grosvenor Gardens. [Photo, by Lallie Charles.]

THE WILDE TOMB: HUMAN — INHUMAN — SPHINX - LIKE.



"AN EGYPTIAN BORN IN LATE VICTORIAN DAYS," AND HIS SYMBOLIC WORK: MR. JACOB EPSTEIN BY THE SIDE OF THE OSCAR WILDE MONUMENT OF HIS CARVING.

Jacob Epstein's great monument, which is to be set up over the grave of Oscar Wilde in the Père Lachaise Cemetery in Paris, has caused a great deal of discussion, and, particularly, speculation as to its precise meaning. Writing of the work, in the "Daily Chronicle," Mr. Lewis Hind said: "He made no preliminary model in clay; he saw the work complete in his imagination before he touched chisel; he made his drawing upon the block of stone, and began straightway to release his idea. . . . Everything Jacob Epstein does is stamped with his inflexible aim. He is an idealist. He faces only one way—his own way. . . . Epstein is an Egyptian born in late Victorian days, and to him prudery and prettiness are meaningless. . . . You do not see . . . details at first; you see only that vast, ageless, human—inhuman—sphinx-like figure, silent and solitary, grieving, yet indifferent." It will be recalled that Mr. Epstein's statues for the new building of the British Medical Association, in the Strand, led to much comment four years ago.—[Camera-Portrait by E. O. Hoppe.]



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

ONE of the latest suggestions is that a girl should be compelled by legislation to go into domestic service for a definite period whether she is to marry a tradesman or a working-man. If we have much more of this slap-you-and-put-you-to-bed sort of thing, people will begin to suspect that this is no longer a free country.

Dr. Alfred Salter, who is said to be a Socialist himself, has written that the Socialist movement is filled with cranks and neurotics and half-baked geniuses, by whom "progress" is achieved. But the worst of it is, from the sane man's point of view, that this is always "progress" backwards, like that of the legendary crab.

Oh, these provincials! Some American women are complaining that the ice is not so cold in London as at home. No; nor boiling water quite so hot, nor the pies at the Carlton like those that mother used to make.



ANGLICHE!

(One result of the Entente Cordiale is that the Englishman in the French comic papers is a much better looking fellow than he was ten years ago.)

When I used to cross the Channel
By the steamer to Boolong,
To enjoy a summer scamper
On the giddy Continong,

Then, no sooner did the Douane
With its chalk my baggage bless
Than there greeted me the "Angliche"
Of the Paris comic Press.

Was there ever such a monster,
With immense projecting teeth,
Crimson-hued Dundreary whiskers,
And receding chin beneath?
Now the comic artist's cruel
In his kindness, for one can
Aided by imagination
Recognise the Englishman.

It is suggested that tired parents at the seaside would find it a refreshing change if they exchanged children with other parents for some part of the time.

When St. Lawrence on his gridiron found himself sufficiently grilled on one side, he calmly turned over to the other without assistance. Father is St. Lawrence.



Dr. Hyslop states that it is not uncommon for artists who are addicted to alcohol to lose perception of colour and form, while their efforts in some instances closely resemble those of Post-Impressionists. There you have two columns of art criticism in a short sentence. And observe how nicely it is put, too.

Come, this really is progress! As a protest against the stiffness of the Greek paper in the summer examination, the students of the Sorbonne have wrecked a couple of lecture-rooms. After all, the younger generation must be worth something. In our day when we had a stiff paper we just sat and suffered.

The real reason why our athletes were defeated by foreign nations at Stockholm is that they are Amateurs, and not Professional Amateurs.



American husbands are being commiserated because they seldom have a single corner to themselves in their magnificent houses. Tush! Even in this feudally ruled country it requires a strong man to hold the study against a wife and a couple of daughters.

The height of *chic* in Paris is for smart married people to advertise the fact that they take pleasure in one another's society, even if they are on the edge of a divorce. Probably the nearer the divorce, the more pleased they are.

A charming token of love or friendship is a plaster-cast of one's hand for exchange, instead of photographs. In the more human circles of the East End it has long been the habit, without worrying about chilly plaster-casts, for a lover to place an imprint of his warm fist on the dear one's eye.

A famine in false hair is threatened, according to the *Daily Mirror*. Well, anyone may have my share for a trifle. I don't eat it myself.

More about Mere Man. He has enough iron in him to make four tenpenny nails. That is why, when the iron comes to the surface, he is said to be as hard as nails.

More tyranny! Chelmsford is also

bitten with the fresh-air craze, and has ordered that all cottage windows must be made to open. All the primæval prejudices of cottagers in favour of shut windows are to go for nothing. Life won't be worth living soon, even in the country.

THE SEASIDE LANDLADY.

(There is a growing tendency now to regard the seaside landlady as a human being, and to look at things from her point of view.)



She has a rasping temper, lodgers say,
And looks not on the cheerful side of things;
She sniffs, too, in an irritating way;
Her pantry furnishes the joints with wings
Which vanish, leaving but the mutton-bone,
For, 'twixt the lodgers' victuals and her own
She sees slight difference, though her eyes
Are keen

To spot a breakage in her worn canteen;
The children with her bitter tongue she nags;
Her house and its appointments are unclean;
This is the debit side of Mrs. Baggs.

But, if we look at her another way,
She has her own sufficiency of slings
And arrows of outrageous fortune; they,
Her lodgers, have their sharp and special stings;
The men demand their meals at any time;
The women harry from her native grime

The hard-worked slavey,
till she scarce can stand;
The children wear her carpets out with sand,
Or smash her furniture with senseless "rags";
Yet she must be their servant to command:
This is the credit side of Mrs. Baggs.



A NORMAN - CHÂTEAU HOTEL ; AND A NEW CASINO.



THE LATEST ADDITION
TO DEAUVILLE'S ATTRACTIONS:
THE NEW CASINO.



IN THE STYLE OF AN OLD
NORMAN CHATEAU:
THE NEW NORMANDY HOTEL.



WITH THE NEW CASINO IN THE BACKGROUND:
THE SEA FRONT, DEAUVILLE.



JUST OPENED: THE ENTRANCE TO THE
COURTYARD OF THE NORMANDY HOTEL.



SHOWING THE OLD-NORMAN-
CHATEAU ARCHITECTURE:
THE CHIEF COURTYARD OF THE
NORMANDY HOTEL.



MOST ATTRACTIVE IN ITS STYLE:
THE CHIEF ENTRANCE TO THE
NEW NORMANDY HOTEL.
DEAUVILLE.

ATTRACTIONS ADDED TO MANY: AT DEAUVILLE THE FASHIONABLE.

Deauville, that most fashionable seaside resort near Havre, has just added two to its numerous attractions—a fine new Casino and the Normandy Hotel. The latter building takes a particularly novel form, for, although essentially modern, it is constructed in the manner of a picturesque old Norman chateau. It has won many compliments for the architect, M. T. Petit; and it may be added, further, that it is under the management of M. Jules Rey, of Monte Carlo. The Casino, it need scarcely be said, is drawing at least equal praise and attention, and must enhance the reputation of its architect, M. Georges Wybo. The theatre is an exact copy of that in the Trianon at Versailles. The Polo and the Race-Meeting at Deauville begin on Aug. 3, and the Grand Prix (£4000) will be run on the 18th. Visitors to the place will find important developments.

Photographs by A. Basley.



EXODUS DRAMA: A HIGH STANDARD FOR THE MODERN COUNTRY COUSIN.

"Relâche" in the Playhouses.

At about the time when this appears, the visitor to London who wishes to honour one of our first-class theatres with his custom will find half of them closed. He will wonder, perhaps, why at a time when this vast province of houses is crowded with sight-seers and pleasure-seekers, one moiety of the playhouses should close their doors—and sometimes I also wonder why. For though all people except those connected with Parliament pretend that they and their friends have flown to the Continent, the country, or the seaside, we know quite well that the statements about the exodus are greatly exaggerated. As a matter of fact, this year, the number of theatres open in August is unusually large. Perhaps it is worth while considering which they are, to see whether any interesting fact may emerge. The country cousin has the choice among four musical comedies: "Autumn Manœuvres," at the Adelphi, "Gipsy Love," at Daly's, "The Sunshine Girl," at the Gaiety, and "Princess Caprice," at the Shaftesbury—all successful and all delightful to those who like that kind of thing. There are three farces of well-established success: "Bunty," which may prove a record winner; "Fanny's First Play," which is a hundred performances or so ahead of "Bunty"; and "The Glad Eye." So he may have farce of character, farce of wit, or farce of lively, mechanical fun. Melodrama is offered to him at the Garrick in the American work, "Find the Woman."

Autumn Comedies.

Comedy is quite unusually strong. There is the altogether delightful "Milestones," at the Royalty Theatre, which everybody seems to like and admire. The many followers of Miss Marie Tempest still patronise Mr. Wharton's clever play, "At the Barn"; in "Jelf's," at Wyndham's Theatre, Mr. du Maurier seems to have found a success; whilst Pinero's comparatively old fantastic comedy, "The Amazons," with the so-called "star cast," appears to have falsified gloomy prophecies. And there is "Ann," at the Criterion, a rather startling young lady, whose conduct, if the author of her days—or rather of her nights—had been Ibsen, or any dramatist supposed to be a crank or a moralist, would have caused the righteous people, supporters of the Censor, to raise their voices on high. But "Ann" is merely "out" for laughter, of which she earns a good deal, and makes no pretence of belonging to the serious, much-suspected modern drama.

The Closed Theatres.

It will be observed that in almost all the cases mentioned the plays are being presented because they refuse to leave off drawing audiences. The haughtiest of the fashionable managers does not close his house during August if it appears certain to make money in that month. The charge of lunacy could be made against anybody who withdrew "Fanny" or "Bunty," or "The Glad Eye." Moreover, musical comedy never pays attention to times or seasons. "Bunty," then, compels the Haymarket to be open; but His Majesty's is taking a long month's rest, and the St. James's will be shut for a little longer; whilst Drury Lane, obedient to its custom, has a long interregnum between the retirement of "Ben-Hur" and the production in mid-September of another American work called "Everywoman." Probably there is some good sense in not offering during August the same fare as in the other months, as far as the fashionable theatres are concerned. Yet—and it is a sign of the times—the old idea that a peculiar brand of rubbish is needed for the country cousin has received some rather violent shocks.

The July Crop. For instance, there is "The Ideal Wife," a somewhat clever study of temperament and character, from an Italian cynical but serious comedy. No one would pretend that this will appeal except to playgoers who have got beyond the elementary stage. More important still, there is "Hindle Wakes," rather a surprising kind of work to see at The Playhouse: it represents the high-water mark reached by the provincial theatres, and so far as both play and acting are concerned, is well above the London level. Foreigners will be startled by it—worse still, a little puzzled, because the Lancashire dialect may prove a stumbling-block to them; but one can imagine not only the Lancashire lads thronging to support this product of Manchester, but the country folk from various other districts anxious to see such a vivid, interesting picture of one aspect of life of the great cotton county. The novelties for the month, August, appear to be two, both of them from the States, but there



OWNER OF A GLAD EYE! MISS OLGA ESMÉ, AWARDED £300.

Miss Esmé claimed damages for breach of contract to engage her for the part of Kiki in "The Glad Eye." In the end the jury awarded her £300.

sents the high-water mark reached by the provincial theatres, and so far as both play and acting are concerned, is well above the London level. Foreigners will be startled by it—worse still,



EACH EAGER TO BE REWARDED WITH A TAP ON THE HEAD AND THE NAME "LITTLE DARLING". THE TEN PALACE GIRLS—OF KOREA.

The dancing girls whose portraits are here given are attached to the Imperial Korean household, in the Old Palace at Seoul, which is still retained as the residence of the Imperial family. Their very long sleeves are used for giving extra effects during their performance, and are waved in picturesque manner. The girl who is deemed to dance best on any occasion is rewarded with a tap on the head from the Emperor's fan and is called, at the same time, "Little Darling."—[Photograph by C. T. Collyer.]

is to be a revival at the end of it of Mr. Granville Barker's very fine comedy, "The Voysey Inheritance," and it will not be surprising if at last its merits are fully appreciated by the public.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

PEOPLE WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO.



MR. BURDETT-COUTTS — FOR CRUSHING THE STRANGER—A BLACK-BEETLE—WHO INVADDED THE HOUSE.
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



MAJOR LEONARD DARWIN — FOR SAYING, "EUGENICS IS A YOUNG SCIENCE—ALMOST A BABY SCIENCE."
Photograph by Thomson.



SIR JAMES BARR—FOR OUTSPOKENLY LIKENING THE INSURANCE ACT TO THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.
Photograph by Russell.



LORD DEVONPORT — FOR BEING ALIVE AFTER BEN TILLET'S TOWER HILL PRAYER FOR HIS DEATH.
Photograph by Beresford.



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK—FOR CAMP-ING OUT WITH HIS REGIMENT.
Photograph by C.N.



THE BRUSH-TURKEY—FOR LETTING ITS NEST HATCH ITS EGGS.
Photograph by W. S. Berridge, F.Z.S.



M. PAUL FORT (X), EDITOR OF "VERS ET PROSE"—FOR BEING ELECTED "PRINCE OF POETS."
Photograph by E. Brod.



MR. A. D. BRIDGE—FOR RESCUING A DROWNING GIRL.
Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE—FOR HIS "SYMPATHETIC" SENTENCE ON DULCIA TORRIANI.
Photograph by Whitlock.



DR. RAYMOND PEARL—FOR SEEK-ING THE BEST LAYERS AMONG HENS.
Photograph by Hanson.



MR. H. B. IRVING—FOR DECIDING TO BE "NOBODY" FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE.
Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



MISS DECIMA MOORE—FOR HAVING A UGANDA GOLF-HOLE NAMED AFTER HER.
Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

A blackbeetle caused some excitement by appearing in the House of Commons the other day, and was received with cheers. Mr. Burdett-Coutts crushed it.—Sir James Barr has said of the Insurance Act: "I consider it the most gigantic fraud which has ever been perpetrated on a confiding public since the days of the South Sea Bubble."—Speaking on Tower Hill last week, Ben Tillett offered up a "prayer" that God might strike Lord Devonport dead.—The Australian mound-builder, or brush-turkey, lets its eggs hatch by themselves, under the heat of a fermenting mound of loose soil, twigs, and decaying leaves.—Mr. A. D. Bridge, an Eton boy, rescued Miss Nelly Wilson from drowning in the Thames the other day, above Windsor. He was aided by Corporal Hughes.—Mr. Justice Coleridge, sentencing Dulcia Torriani to six weeks for manslaughter, said: "I feel there are many circumstances which . . . render sympathy not out of place with you in the act which you committed."—Dr. Raymond Pearl is amongst those who are endeavouring to find the best laying type of hen and then "standardise" the strain.—King Dandi Chwa, of Uganda, has named one of the holes on his golf-course after Miss Decima Moore—the Decima.—Mr. H. B. Irving is to be "Nobody" in the modern morality play, "Everywoman," at Drury Lane.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

IT has been inaptly suggested that, with the Queen away, the Goodwood spectacle might be simplified. Postillions and outriders and the elaborate carriage could all be turned into the one moderate-sized motor favoured by his Majesty. "Quicker, simpler, and more convenient altogether," was the comment of the utilitarian racing man, who might almost have added, "and cheaper," to complete the irrelevance of his remarks. Quicker, simpler, and more convenient altogether, possibly; but that is not all the story. The constant appearance of their Majesties in company is appreciated by their people; it is the expected and accepted thing. Of the real union of which it is the public sign, a further charming illustration was specially observed by Canadian visitors at a recent State Ball. When, during the dances, the King and his partner passed the Queen with hers, she gave his Majesty a sound of greeting, and when a second time they passed, he was the first to say the passing word. Not once did they cross in silence.



HOSTESS AT ARUNDEL FOR THE SEASON'S LAST RACE-MEETING: THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk will entertain a house-party during Goodwood Week at Arundel Castle, their seat in Sussex.

Photograph by Walter Barnett.

in disfavour. Hardly anyone quite knew, for instance, how to say the simple word about unaccepted invitations to Buckingham Palace. "Awfully sorry; couldn't come," is the sort of thing most natural to the true-born Englishman; and many more are the occasions when a formal sentence is much easier to frame in French. The Prince of Wales's return may give, it is thought, an additional impetus to the use of the language he has spoken in Paris, and the hotel habit is doing much to free the Londoner's tongue from an habitual shyness in attempting alien speech. At the Ritz at dinner-time it is very often noticed that French predominates.



ANOTHER GOODWOOD HOSTESS: LADY LECONFIELD, ENTERTAINING AT PETWORTH.

Lady Leconfield, who was married last year, was Miss Beatrice Rawson, daughter of Colonel Richard Hamilton Rawson, M.P. (Unionist) for the Reigate Division of Surrey. Her mother is a sister of the Earl of Lichfield.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

ham has always been a collector of things rare and curious, and a certain review of his new book—falling within that category—has not escaped his keen eye. In his book, Sir Frank plays pranks with old proverbs, and does it rather well. "We are taught," he writes, "that *Pride goes before a fall*, but surely it goes after a fall." His reviewer's comment is: "Obviously he has never understood the simple common-sense of this simple common saying. His must be the only



ENTERTAINING FOR THE FINAL EVENT OF THE SEASON: LADY COWDRAY.

Lady Cowdray will entertain for Goodwood, the last event of the season, at Cowdray Park, Midhurst, where there will be a polo tournament. She is a daughter of the late Sir John Cass, and married Lord Cowdray, formerly Sir Weetman Pearson, in 1881.

Photograph by Thomson.



A FAMOUS CRICKETER MARRIED: MR. J. R. MASON, WHOSE WEDDING WITH MISS MARY POWELL TOOK PLACE ON THE 24TH.

Mr. J. R. Mason was born at Blackheath in 1874, and was educated at Winchester. Later he played for Kent, and went to Australia with Mr. A. E. Stoddart's team in 1897. On returning he became captain of the Kent eleven, for which he has done great things both with bat and ball.

Photograph by Sport and General.



MARRIED TO A FAMOUS KENT CRICKETER: MRS. J. R. MASON, FORMERLY MISS MARY POWELL.

The wedding took place last Wednesday at Beckenham. On the previous evening a presentation was made to Mr. J. R. Mason, after stumps were drawn in the Kent v. Worcestershire match, on the Catford ground. The gifts—a silver tray and candlestick—were presented by Lord Harris.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

mind in the world that could accept such a perversion of ideas." Later, Sir Frank writes: "*Poverty makes strange bed-fellows* is a poor proverb; wealth makes stranger bed-fellows." Whereupon his critic observes: "Here again he misses the whole point, which is that poverty forces a man, a knight, for instance, to share a bed with a tinker in a lodging-house." No story of the proverbial inability of the English (on the American stage) to see a joke can better that.

Lord Latymer: It is said of Prince Louis of Battenberg that he "was

born a Serene Highness, but has lived it down." Mr. Francis Coutts was not born, or even created, a Peer, but for the last fortnight the process of living down the Peerage of Latymer revived in his favour has been acutely boring. His case is as bad as that of Mr. Justice Lawrence, who, when he resigned, was reported dead, and said, in consequence of the necessary explanations, that premature burial would be less bother than a premature obituary notice. As for the new Lord Latymer, he may be supposed not to be a Peer without a purpose; for he sought legislative functions in the past by standing, though unsuccessfully, for a seat in Parliament. The alliance between the British peerage and Parnassus, seemingly a most unlikely one, receives a new illustration in his case; the coronet goes in mature life to one who has worn the laurel almost from his boyhood up.

The Anglaise season. Lady Marjorie Manners paid a flying visit to Stockholm in the company of Lord and Lady Lytton, who, like herself, have very close ties of affection with the Royal House of Sweden. Lady Marjorie's mission was to the Crown Princess, whose embrace she was bound to receive before her marriage on the 3rd. That function, disputing with Goodwood the distinction of being the great finale of the season, has changed many plans. As was inevitable, if the wedding was to be fitted into the season at all, the Duchess of Rutland's invitations reached their recipients almost at the last moment, and of the twelve children who are to attend the bride, half, at least, had already flung their first pebbles into the sea.



TO ENTERTAIN DURING THE POLO TOURNAMENT AT COWDRAY PARK IN GOODWOOD WEEK: MRS. HAROLD PEARSON

Mrs. Harold Pearson is a daughter of the late Lord Edward Spencer-Churchill. She married Lord Cowdray's eldest son in 1905.

Photograph by Speaight.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN E. WATTS RUSSELL: MISS SYLVIA GRENFELL.

Miss Grenfell is the only child of Mr. Charles Molyneux Grenfell, who married the Hon. Mabel Blanche Mills, daughter of Lord Hillingdon. Captain Russell was formerly in the Coldstream Guards.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

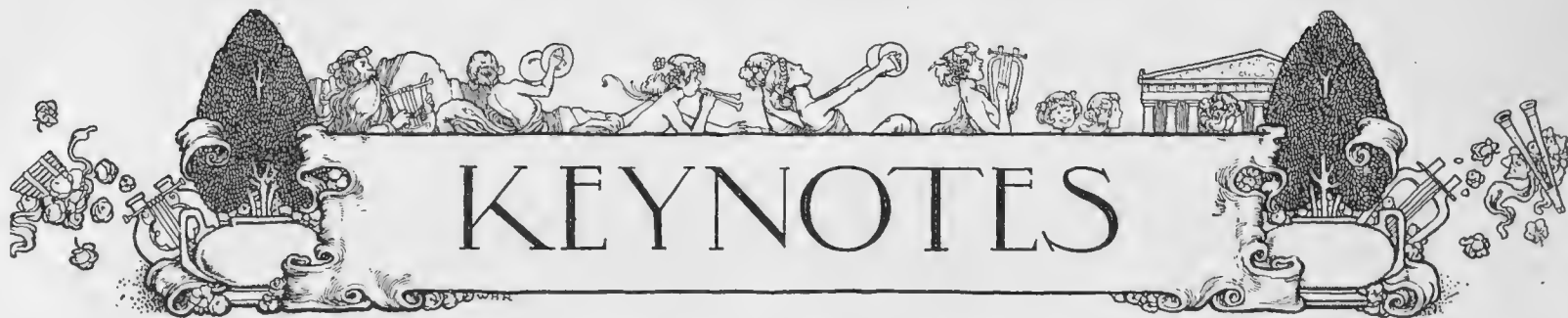
LONDON'S FIRST: VIOLINIST; PAINTER; RUSSIAN DANCER.



NOW SEEN AS THE FAVOURITE SLAVE IN "SCHEHERAZADE" — A MOOR INSTEAD OF A NEGRO:
M. THEODORE KOSLOFF, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

M. Theodore Kosloff, who is appearing at the Coliseum both as the producer of and the principal dancer in "Scheherazade," is a highly accomplished man. As a dancer he compares in his own line with the best artists in Russia; while, in addition, he is an admirable violinist and a painter whose pictures have won no inconsiderable praise from the art critics of his native country. He was the first Russian male dancer to come to London, for he was the partner of Mme. Karsavina and Mlle. Baldina in "L'Oiseau de Feu" and the famous "Pas de Trois" which initiated us into the mystery of the grace and beauty of the Russian ballet at the Coliseum three years ago. Since then he has been touring in America as the choreographic director and the chief member of the company organised by Miss Gertrude Hoffman, who was originally his pupil. Everywhere he was received with the utmost enthusiasm. Instead of making the slave he plays in "Scheherazade" a negro, as M. Nijinski does, M. Kosloff makes him a Moor, and adopts a costume of great originality, which is strikingly different from that used at Covent Garden.

Photograph by Murmann.



KEYNOTES

EVERYBODY'S LEARNING IT: MUSIC'S MYRIAD STUDENTS.

WE are now passing through the brief period when music in the Metropolis is almost at a standstill, and our teaching institutions are closing the summer term with prize-giving and speech-making. At the Queen's Hall, a few days ago, when students of the Royal Academy; now so happily housed in their new premises in York Gate, were assembled for the annual distribution of prizes, Sir Alexander Mackenzie made a significant speech. He pointed to the increasing difficulties of the teacher's position. Nowadays those who would qualify for teaching must give a long time to preparation, they must be prepared to pay high fees in order to receive small ones. This condition gives the respected Principal of the Academy a certain measure of uneasiness, but we venture to suggest that it is all for the good of the art, and will raise its status considerably. When all is said and done music is, after its own kind, as serious a profession as the law or medicine, even though it have less bearing upon the material progress of a nation. It is eminently a learned profession, and must needs be treated as such. The doctor may easily spend a thousand pounds and five years of his life in qualifying to become an assistant or to take the position of *locum tenens* at a small salary on his way to higher things; the barrister may give up money and time to qualify for the briefs that are so long in coming. Nowadays the skilled teacher of music is qualifying in as hard a field, and in music, as in medicine and law, the prizes will go to the few. The writer can look back to his early music-teachers with a mixture of horror and amusement—they were becoming impossible then, they are quite impossible now. Sir Alexander Mackenzie was right in saying that side by side with increased efficiency should come higher fees, but the system that produces academies is largely responsible for bad prices. The reason why they are so low is that the policy of our colleges and academies has been to spread the widest possible net, and to attract through the medium of low fees a host of young people who have no very real or deep feeling for what is best in music. This policy accounts for



FANNY HAWTHORN IN "HINDLE WAKES," AT THE PLAYHOUSE; MISS EDYTH GOODALL.

Photograph by Bassano.

some of our very large and flourishing institutions; it also accounts for conditions that are far less satisfactory. When we remember the numbers that pass annually through the great training establishments in London alone, the percentage of first-class musicians is not large. This is not because of any lack of capacity, but rather because hundreds of young men and women go through their course without any serious intentions. They do not desire

to do much more than sing the songs that have gained the cachet of the Ballad Concert, and to play the music that achieves its popularity in the curious world of musical comedy. In all probability, if the prices that obtain in the training colleges were less popular, a



SEEKING LOCAL COLOUR FOR A "TERRIFIC DRAMA": MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AND MR. JOSÉ G. LEVY, PRODUCER AND ADAPTER OF "STRIKING HOME," INTERVIEWING A STRIKER ON TOWER HILL.

"Striking Home" is described as a "terrific drama." Mr. Arthur Bouchier acted as producer at the Palladium. Mr. Levy adapted the sketch from the French.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



THE NEW 30-YEAR-OLD MANAGING-DIRECTOR OF THE PALLADIUM AND THE LONDON THEATRES OF VARIETIES: MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.

Mr. Gulliver was born at Southampton in 1882; began business life when he was fifteen as office-boy to a firm of solicitors; became Hon. Sec. and Hon. Treasurer of the Automobile Association; entered the motor industry; returned to the law; became first Secretary of the Variety Agents' Association; joined Mr. Walter Gibbons and became secretary to the company; acted as Secretary of the Barrasford Tour; in 1909, was Secretary to the London Theatres of Varieties, and last year a director. The company he controls owns twenty-two variety theatres, including the Palladium, with a capital of about a million and a half.—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]

would be forced to point out that not one student in ten can hope to turn his teaching to good account. By raising to a still higher level the standard among teachers much good may be done if only by convincing those who do not take their study seriously that they are wasting time, but it is doubtful whether this result will commend itself to boards of direction.

At the present moment students do not seem to differentiate clearly in their own minds between an accomplishment that is for the few years following the course an aid to the social side of life, and a profession that, for all the beauty associated with it, is one of the most exacting in the world. This mental confusion helps to fill our musical institutions, but the competition between them is keen, and is raising year by year the standard of teaching and the accomplishment of the most promising pupils. But it makes a great and ever-growing demand upon those who teach, while many of those who learn are still unwilling or unable to take music seriously. They are not quite certain whether music stands for the nine symphonies of Beethoven, or the

sensuous waltzes of Franz Lehar, or whether the exquisite art of a Claude Debussy is quite divorced from the genius that has given "Everybody's Doing It" to a grateful and expectant world.

very large proportion of the element that does not take its musical work seriously would cease to support them.

Now, men, even though they be musicians, are mortal, and the desire to see the college with which they are closely associated very prosperous and populous is irresistible. An institution with thousands of students of whom only a part take the work seriously is more to be desired, from certain points of view that hardly call for specification, than a much smaller undertaking that seldom or never strikes the public eye and yet derives its support from serious and devoted workers. Year by year thousands of men and women enter upon their period of music-study without any definite aims, and leave it convinced, however sadly and reluctantly, that the years of labour have brought nothing better than some pleasant associations.

We have too much music in our midst; it is regarded all too often as the finishing touch to education, while what is really required from an educated citizen is rather that he should understand and appreciate what is good than that he should have a second or third-rate capacity for singing or playing what is second or third-rate music. Music is regarded in thousands of English homes as a pleasant accomplishment rather than as a serious art. Yet, if the heads of musical institutions were to look the facts in the face, and publicly accept these conclusions, how could they justify the size of our academies and colleges? They



AUTHOR OF "HINDLE WAKES," GIVEN AT THE PLAYHOUSE: MR. STANLEY HOUGHTON.

Photograph by Hopf.

COMMON CHORD.

“ THE FLYING DUTCHMAN ” !



THE ACCOMPANIST WHO DID HER BEST.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

TALKING THROUGH SOMEONE ELSE'S HAT.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London," and "Phrynette Married."

TEARS are tracing little shiny rivers (like snails' tracks) on my powdered cheeks, they fall slowly, embossing the pages of the *Punch* Summer Number. I have been laughing. It is all because of a poem on a woman and her hat. Listen, rather. Her name is Amelia Rogers: we are told she is "haughty and slim." Indeed, it is only the slim that can afford to be haughty. Fat people should be propitiating and jolly all round: elephantine majesty is merely risible. It's not *Punch* says that, it is me. Amelia had a brother who was "jolly and stout." Ah, he, too, is of my opinion, then. I think we should get on together, Amelia's brother and I. "But," says the poet, "don't you pay any attention to him—it's her that I'm talking about." Oh, and why? the poor boy! I find brothers every bit as interesting as their sisters.

Amelia, it seems, was seen in Bond Street, gazing at a hat-shop, with a sinister look in her eye. I, who know the story, understand that sinister look. Alas, madness was already hovering over the unfortunate Amelia! "What has her business to do with that rogue, That positive rogue of a hat?"

Now, ladies, please pay attention, for here is the *clou* of the poem—the description of that hat—

Whose frame is *cerise* and whose ribbons are *pink*,

(The italics are mine.)

The colours blend subtly together;

(Oh, *Punch*!)

Now, I would not call a thing like that a "rogue" of a hat, but a lunatic of a hat. Cerise shape, mark you, and pink ribbons! *Mon Dieu*, and this in a black-and-white season! It was, of course, a hat left over from the Flood. And poor, simple Amelia is actually taken in. She thinks it is the fashion; nay, *Punch*, with a heartlessness he has hitherto reserved for Judy, exposes, not only her perverted taste, but her dark designs. The foolish female is bent on plagiarising — and what? Great Scott! (this is not an advertisement) plagiarising a horror (otherwise, of course, there would be nothing in that). Poor, deluded Amelia! Instead of consulting her nice brother, who, I like to think, possesses some common sense (it goes generally with rotundity and jollity), she straightway, sketch (small s) in hand, directs her guilty steps to Messrs. X

and Z's Salons de Modes. In the poem the name of the firm (unlike that of the nice brother) is given, but mine is not the



FRENCH MUSIC-HALL ARTISTS AT THEIR FÊTE: THE CAMEL RACE.

advertisement page. There, Amelia finds an accomplice in *l'èse* Art, who, we are told, consents to commit a cherry shape.

Alas, money will buy even principles and a red straw! This latter she trims with ribbons of the shade that blushes at being seen on a hat when its real mission is to embellish but in the closest intimacy. We all know where is run the thread of life of ribbons pink and blue.

And now Amelia's "stock

Is complete when a brother, you know who I mean,

(Yes, we know, but not enough about him)

Has slaughtered a pheasant, a cock."

I am trying, sensitive reader, to prepare you by degrees for the awful denouement,

but it has to be unveiled. Let *Punch* take the responsibility of it—rhyme and folly.

Amelia Rogers is haughty and slim

I think I have told you before;

There is that in her hat, in the twirl of its brim,

Compels you to gaze and adore.

Its ribbons are pink and its frame is cerise,

(Does he not rub it in?)

The colours blend subtly together;

(The reiteration is meant to convince us, but nothing can do that. We have only to close our eyes to see the hideousness of it. And we are afraid to open them again. No wonder people "gaze," they have never seen so much—how say you? oddity or odds-and-ends?—on one head.)

They cost her eleven-three-farthings a-piece,

The pheasant provided the feather.

(The italics are still mine.) And now you know the worst. The feather caps it all! The poet knew not what the woman was doing. He knew not that no woman with a rag of decency about her would be seen with a pheasant-feather surging from pink ribbon. She might have trimmed a country hat with it, or given it to her charming brother to clean his pipe with (I imagine, somehow, that he is fond of a pipe). She might have thrown the straw to the puppy, made garters of the ribbon, and so dispose of the whole wisely; but for the three together there is no room in the scheme of things, except in *Punch*.



"LA COURSE AU MAL DE MER": ON THE WITCHING WAVES—AND IN FANCY DRESS—IN PARIS, DURING THE FRENCH MUSIC-HALL ARTISTS' FÊTE.

Photographs by Chusseau Flavien.



MOUNTING THEIR "ZOO," STEED, COMPETITORS IN THE CAMEL RACE AT THE FRENCH MUSIC-HALL ARTISTS' FÊTE.

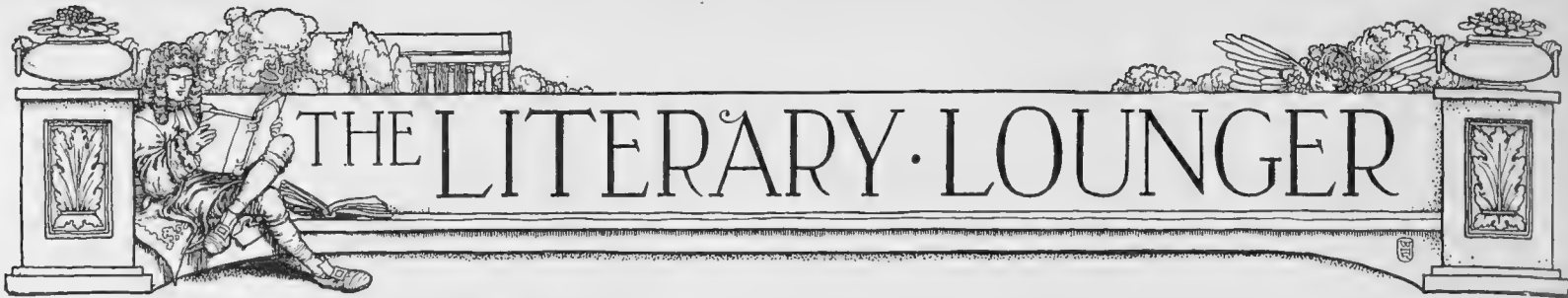
CRASH IGNORANCE.



TWEENIE ANN: Oh, Mum, I've fallen downstairs and broken me neck.

HER MISTRESS: Well, whatever you've broken will be deducted from your wages.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



STONE-AGE MEDICOS OF TO-DAY: THE PIERCED-TONGUE DOCTORS.*

Spirit-Made Medicos.

It has been stated that if the doctors willing to accept Lloyd-Georgian fees for Insurance Act duties should prove too small a body to cope with the work, "other means" will be found. As it may be presumed that the majority of the Chancellor's followers are not deficient in Faith, might they not agree that the primitive medicine-man's claims are worthy of consideration? Importations from the wilds of Australia would show themselves thorough and original—not to say, aboriginal! At least, their bedside manner would add spice to life—and death. Further, they would provide variety: ask Messrs. Baldwin Spencer and F. J. Gillen, who are familiar with everything there is to know about them! In the Arunta tribe alone, they will tell you, three distinct schools are recognised: "(1) Those made by the Iruntarinia, or spirits; (2) Those made by the Oruncha, who are really only a special kind of spirits of a mischievous nature; and (3) Those made by other medicine-men. The two first are more highly thought of than the third." They will point out, too, that the seeker after Æsculapian fame qualifies with difficulties even greater than those the European student has to face! Having decided upon his profession, he leaves the camp secretly and betakes himself to the mouth of a cave inhabited by the spirits, and there, in fear, lies down to sleep. "At break of day one of the Iruntarinia comes . . . and throws an invisible lance at the man, which pierces his neck from behind and comes out, making a large hole in his tongue. How this is actually made we do not know, but every true Ralitchawa, or medicine-man, has his tongue pierced. Possibly he may do this himself. . . . A second lance pierces the head from side to side, killing the victim, who is then carried into the cave. . . . His internal organs are removed and he is provided with a new set, and shortly afterwards comes to life again." Very naturally, all this dazes him, and he reaches his people once more only because the spirits guide him to them. For some days he is strange in his manner; then, one morning, he is seen to have a broad band of powdered charcoal and fat across the bridge of his nose. "It is at once recognised that a new medicine-man has graduated. He must not, however, according to the strict etiquette of his profession, engage in practice for about a year. . . . Meanwhile, he cultivates the acquaintance of other medicine-men, learning from them the secrets of the craft, which consist, principally, in the ability to hide about his person, and to produce at will, small

quartz pebbles or bits of stick and bone, and, what is hardly of less importance than the sleight of hand, the power of looking preternaturally solemn. . . . The Iruntarinia not only provide him with new insides, but they implant in his body a supply of small magic stones, called Atnongara, which he can project into the body of a patient, in whom they combat the evil influences at work within him. In modern language the medicine-man is made able to inject an anti-toxin." The trials of him who is initiated by those in whose shoes he will tread are, at least, equally elaborate. And, remember, fees are neither asked by him nor given to him; but every cure enhances his reputation!



REMOVING THE NECESSITY FOR FINGER-TALK: RELEASING A WOMAN FROM THE BAN OF SILENCE.

"One of the things that struck us most, whilst wandering around the Warramunga camp, was the fact that so many of the women were under a ban of silence. Many times when we spoke to a woman she signified, by putting her finger to her lips, that she was not allowed to speak. If four men, each of them belonging to a different class, happened to die within a short time of one another there would not be a single woman in the whole camp who would be able to utter a word. The women did not seem to mind in the least; and those who were under the ban of silence chatted away gaily on their fingers."

Reproduced from Messrs. Baldwin Spencer and F. J. Gillen's "Across Australia," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.

Cure by Stone-Projection and Extraction.

So much for the making of the doctor; let us see him at work. His authority is assured: in cases of sickness the natives have implicit trust in him. "In ordinary cases the patient lies down, while the medicine-man bends over him and sucks vigorously at the part of the body affected, spitting out every now and then pieces of wood, bone, or stone, the presence of which is believed to be causing the injury and pain . . . pain in any part of the body is always attributed to the presence of some foreign body that must be removed. Among the Western Arunta, especially, the medicine-man, in addition to the Atnongara stones, is supposed to have a particular kind of lizard distributed through his body, which endows him with great suctorial powers." More complicated troubles call for more strenuous remedies, including the projection of magic stones from the body of the doctor into that of the patient, that the evil magic within may be counteracted.—In view of

"other means," if a dusky medico should be your portion, insist upon him showing you his tongue!



IMITATING A PAIR OF FOOLISH SNAKES: KNOCKING OUT A FRONT TOOTH, KAITISH TRIBE.

"In some parts of Australia the main feature of the initiation ceremony of the young men consists in this knocking out of a front tooth. . . . In the centre of Australia this forms only one part of the initiatory ceremony. . . . The natives, of course, have a myth to explain it, but it is a very lame one. . . . Two snakes came into existence at a water-hole. After a time, and apparently for no special reason, the younger one suggested that each of them should pull out one of his front teeth. Accordingly they did so . . . and remarked that they looked very well with their teeth out. . . . After a time they died, and then it occurred to some black fellows . . . who were very frightened of the snakes, that it would be a good thing to imitate them. . . . Since then many of their descendants have done the same."

From Messrs. Baldwin Spencer and F. J. Gillen's "Across Australia," by Courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan.

* "Across Australia." By Baldwin Spencer, C.M.G., M.A., F.R.S. (Hon. Fellow, Exeter College, Oxford; Professor of Biology in the Melbourne University); and F. J. Gillen (Special Magistrate and Sub-Protector of Aborigines for South Australia). Illustrated. Two volumes. (Macmillan. 21s. net.)

Read, Learn——. Now, for a serious word. As is our custom on this page, we have dealt with but one item of the book under review. Let that, chosen from many score, attract you to Messrs. Spencer and Gillen's two volumes, "Across Australia," whose covers contain not a single page which will not be read with satisfaction, and a very great many which can only be described as entrancing. Sacred ceremonies, weird totemic rites, magic in many forms, stories of travel amongst people still living in the Stone Age, quaint traditions and queer customs, go to the making of a work which should be as popular as it is, obviously, authoritative. Many will owe the writers a debt of gratitude not only for their narrative, but for the fine series of photographs and drawings illustrating it.

GONE BEFORE !



THE CUSTOMER (*missing his favourite waiter*): Where's Charles to-day?

THE WAITER: I'm sorry, Sir; but 'e's gone.

THE CUSTOMER: Gone! Do you mean he's defunct?

THE WAITER: Yes, Sir; an' with everything 'e could lay 'is 'ands on.

DRAWN BY MOON GOODMAN.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

PALMER'S PROMOTION: A TALE OF HAWAII.

By RALPH STOCK.

PALMER was one of the plain-clothes men, and a good one at that. He had a way with him, a way that's invaluable when you're looking for lepers.

He passed as an insurance agent, and had the idiosyncrasies of the breed down to a fine art—slick appearance, gift of the gab, ingratiating manners. If he had ever been "fired" from the department, which was unlikely, he could have turned to in earnest at the insurance game without the alteration of a hair or an adjective; but as it was, his sheaf of fake prospectuses did nothing more than afford him a glimpse of any ménage that interested him. A glimpse was all that was necessary for Palmer, with his roving brown eyes that could spot a mole on the nape of your neck while you were telling him the time of day.

In six months he rounded up twenty-three cases—a record; and the department was still busy trying to invent a promotion that would leave him in his sphere of usefulness when the task was taken out of their hands.

You must know that Wakiki beach doesn't end at the Moana Hotel bar, as so many Honolulu tourists seem to imagine; there's more of it, stretching away to Diamond Head past the Chinese duck-farms and banana-patches, a veritable fairyland of cocoanut-groves and date-palms. It was here, set well back from the beach on one hand, and the Ala Moana Road on the other, and almost hidden by hibiscus hedging, that Palmer came upon a cottage.

The fact that after all his saunterings in Hawaii this place had escaped his notice was sufficient in itself to pique his curiosity. What right had anyone in the Sandwich Islands, much less five miles from Honolulu, to exist without John Palmer knowing about it? He advanced without hesitation, feeling in his pocket for his sheaf of passports, and summoning his best smile.

An old gentleman was sitting on the greenest of green lawns in a wicker chair, fondling a fine black cat that purred contentedly in his lap, and a girl, with a mass of raven-black hair caught with bewitching untidiness low down on her neck, was half-lying, half-sitting at his feet in an attitude only possible to women and children, and reading aloud in a low, musical voice.

The domestic felicity of the little group might have disarmed some people, but not so Palmer.

They looked up simultaneously as he raised his slick Panama, and he noticed at once that the girl rose with rather unnecessary haste and came over to the gate.

"May I ask if that gentleman is Mr. Crannock?" he asked politely, consulting a battered notebook.

"No," she answered hurriedly; "no, I know no one of that name."

"Perhaps your—er, father—"

"No, I'm quite sure he doesn't; we know very few people about here."

"Would you have any objection to my asking him? Perhaps he might help me to—er—" Palmer was inside the gate and crossing the lawn before the girl fully realised it. Her beautiful face was clouded with undisguised annoyance as she followed close on his heels.

The old gentleman, a feeble man of, perhaps, seventy-five, greeted him with the smile of a child.

"Mr. Crannock?" No, he knew no one of that name. There was Mr. Spence in the big white house close to Diamond Head,

and Ling Fang, the storekeeper, and old Mahi, the fisherman. "Crannock?" He tapped the arm of the wicker chair and stared over the hibiscus hedge with his grizzled head at a reflective angle.

Palmer shrugged his broad shoulders resignedly, and sank on to the grass.

"Bring the gentleman a glass of lemonade, Stella," the old man suggested; and, after a moment's hesitation, that was not lost on Palmer, the girl went into the house.

"It's very good of you," he said, mopping his forehead; "who wouldn't be an insurance agent in Hawaii?"

The other chuckled, and shook his head.

"Must be trying, very trying," he admitted; "'lives,' I presume?"

"Property, accident, fire," continued Palmer glibly, and sorted his prospectuses like a pack of cards. "I suppose I can't persuade you—?" He broke off as the old man wagged his head with an air of mild reproach.

"You mustn't mock old age," he said. "What *could* my life be worth, Mr. ———?"

"Simpson," supplied Palmer.

"Mr. Simpson?"

Palmer seemed to speculate.

"It's impossible to say, Sir, but our five per cent. gold bonds carry insurance and investment combined, and, after medical examination——"

"Your lemonade." The girl stood above him, a graceful white figure on the vivid green carpet of the lawn, distant, coldly courteous.

Palmer saw by her fluttering breath that she had hurried.

"Thank you very much," he said, with his pet smile, but grimaced as he returned the glass to the tray.

"You've forgotten the sugar," said the old man petulantly. "Sugar, Stella, sugar," and the girl left them without a word.

"Lovely place you have here," Palmer observed, "and—er—I hope you'll pardon me mentioning it, but what a very beautiful girl your daughter is."

He watched the other's pale grey eyes snap with pride, and saw that he had touched the right chord. From that moment the old man was his.

"You think so?" He fell to tapping the arm of the chair afresh, with elaborate carelessness. "Yes, yes; she's the image of her mother; it's a quiet life, Mr. Simpson, a terribly quiet life for a girl. I sometimes think——"

But again the conversation was interrupted while the girl added sugar to Palmer's liking.

The brief Hawaiian dusk had settled down on Wakiki, filling the tiny garden with the sickly fragrance of oleander and night-blooming cereus, before Palmer rose to take his leave. The old man was radiant with the pleasure of companionship—the one desire of old age. The young fellow was interesting, intensely interesting. What a treat it was to talk with a sympathetic listener, a man of the present-day fever of a world who still found time to appreciate the foibles and memories of an old man! His daughter alone remained silent, sitting at her father's feet with firm, set lips and air of quiet abstraction. He had seldom seen her thus, but there, how should men's talk be expected to interest a girl?

The old man rose with an effort, his eyes still lit with enthusiasm.

"If you would care to come into the house for a few minutes,

[Continued overleaf.]

O TEMPORA! O MORES!



COOK (having a cup of tea): Ain't yer got better ideas o' company manners than to set there stokin' down yer food with yer elbers on the table?



HIS WIFE: Well, I do call it jolly unreasonable making all this fuss about bills. 'Tisn't as if I went about wanting economic freedom and to live my own life and things. I don't do that—I'm quite willing to be dependent on you.

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

Mr. Simpson," he said, "we can give you a cup of tea, and maybe show you something of interest."

Palmer was charmed with the idea. Curios of any kind had always appealed to him. But his eye was on the girl as she walked at her father's side, supporting him with the practised care of a trained nurse.

The little living-room was a mine of interest. In a recess stood a cabinet containing calabashes of all shapes and ages, some delicately carved, others stained with use to a deep mahogany. On the walls hung quaint curios of many lands, and the old man discoursed on each with an enthusiasm that seemed to lift the years from his shoulders, and infuse his step with an almost youthful buoyancy; but Palmer saw nothing of what he showed him, heard nothing of what he said. His eyes were trained in a sidelong glance on a curtained doorway at the end of the room. Half-way down the right-hand side—it had moved.

The gem of the collection was a dagger that had once belonged to an Hawaiian king. It hung over the sideboard, and the old man held the lamp above his head that Palmer might see it better. The sheaf and handle were works of Hawaiian art, being embroidered with tiny, vivid-coloured feathers; and in his eagerness to show this treasure to greater advantage, the old man tried to mount a chair. The lamp fell from his hand with a crash, and a tongue of flame quivered across the carpet; but in a flash Palmer had extinguished it. He struck a match, and by its feeble light looked on a strange scene. His host stood as one petrified, his lower jaw hanging loosely, his pale grey eyes frozen with fear. His left hand was still upheld above his head, and from it a thin column of smoke drifted slowly upwards—he had caught the red-hot lamp-chimney; *it was burning the flesh, but he did not feel it!*

"It's all right, Sir," said Palmer. "The fire's out—there's nothing to fear."

The other's arm fell to his side, his muscles relaxed, and he sank limply into a chair; but the lamp-chimney was still in his hand, and he was smiling weakly.

It was hardly necessary for Palmer to take it from him and examine the blistered palm, but he did both as a matter of form, and looked up into the girl's face.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Take him to Molokai," said Palmer.

"Not Molokai—not the Leper Island!" wailed the old man. "I'll live alone—I'll go away—anywhere—anywhere, but don't take me to Molokai."

Palmer looked at him unmoved. Such scenes were too frequent to be harrowing. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I must do my duty. I am from the department."

The girl laughed. It was a strange sound.

"Mr. Simpson is right, father," she said; "you had better go."

Her father looked up at her with dazed incomprehension, and his hand went out to her tremblingly like that of a little child.

"Stella!" he said. "Stella—you—"

She smiled down at him.

"You had better go, father," she repeated soothingly. "It's the best thing, the only thing."

Palmer was frankly amazed at her composure.

"We have been expecting it a long time," she explained to him; "we have had a long run, Mr. Simpson. I wonder how you came to overlook us."

Palmer stared at his feet.

"To tell the truth, I never dreamt of a case so near Honolulu," he said. "I'm glad, very glad, Miss—er, Stella, you take it so sensibly." His eyes rested on her appreciatively. "Of course, you know you can go and live with your father, if you wish."

"Yes," she answered, "I will see—later on."

The old man's eyes wandered apprehensively from one to the other of these two who stood there so calmly discussing his fate.

"Not Molokai—not the Leper Island!" he kept muttering.

Palmer turned down the narrow path leading to the little cottage at Wakiki with the elastic step of mental and physical well-being.

At the gate he paused, and looked across the moon-bathed lawn to where a hammock swung gently in the deep shadows of a kiawe tree. The girl sat up at his approach and smiled a welcome.

"Isn't it a glorious night?" she said.

"It's an Hawaiian night," said Palmer.

They sat talking for perhaps an hour, and presently he moved

nearer; his hand rested on hers. "Stella," he whispered, "this is our night. The others were for you, or me, but this is *ours*. They've promised me promotion—I came to ask you to be my wife."

She made no answer. He rose and looked down on her as she lay in the hammock, and even at that moment he noticed that her form was strangely rigid, her hands clasped at her sides. The power of her, the sweetness, drew his face to hers, and her warm breath was on his lips when the blow came straight, unerringly for the heart.

It was still lying on the grass in the scented garden with an ornamented dagger in its breast, as a white figure fled up the narrow path to Wakiki beach.

Palmer had got his promotion.

THE END.



HIS FRIEND: Go in for any kind of sport, Mr. Specks?

SPECKS. Yes; I collect insects.

DRAWN BY O. C. BARRETT.



ON THE LINKS

THE PROBLEM OF THE GOLF HOLIDAY: IRELAND, SCOTLAND, OR PICARDY?

The Restful Holiday.

The holiday season has come again, and the players of small experience in such matters are being much bewildered by the extent and variety of the advice given to them as to where, with profit to their game and enjoyment to themselves, they may go for their golfing holiday. It is a difficult question, and the deeper into it that you go the harder does it become. This year I shall not trouble to give a multitude of selections. I have come to realise that nothing on earth will prevent the very new golfer from going to the most difficult and famous courses, which are the last he ought to visit. Very well, then, let him go, though I would just remind him, if St. Andrews is his selection for this year, that the old course is in a parlous bad state and will afford him more excuse than usual for missed shots. In the same way I have discovered that the old golfer, who has had very many golfing holidays at all kinds of places, likes something new and quiet, and finds his retreats out for himself. He does not mind if it is what we call rough golf; it suits him for a little quiet pottering about with his clubs, which is all that he wants. I am with these latter men entirely. Most of our golfing holidays are taken far too strenuously, and are spoiled in consequence. What I shall do this time will be to throw out just one or two hints as to where golf may be taken quietly and with a deep, restful enjoyment. Of course, there are many such places, but I do not know them all. In a general way I think more attention should be given to the North of Ireland. It is true that lots of golfers, hundreds and hundreds of them, go to Portrush, and there will be great gatherings at Newcastle, in county Down, this year, as before, and more so than usual, for the Irish championship is to take place there in September.

Golf at Greenore. But I know an Irish golfing place that is not nearly so crowded as it would be if everybody knew it. It is Greenore. Here there is a very nice eighteen-holes course, and nowhere is there one more beautifully or more conveniently situated. Carlingford mountains overshadow it on one side, and the Mourne mountains on the other, while the waters of Carlingford Lough roll on past the course and in between the two. Visitors here have free use of the links, and also of the steamer that plies upon the lough; there is perfect hotel accommodation; and not the least of the advantages of the place is that it is a capital centre for journeys farther afield. And the place is so very easy

to get at from Holyhead. But, whatever you say or whatever you do, there is a large body of persons who will have their Scotland for their golfing holidays, and what they want is some out-of-the-way place in Scotland to golf at. Why do they not try some of the Scottish inland courses—things that the average Englishman knows nothing whatever about? For instance—just to mention a few that are in a group—there are Moffat, Rothesay, and Stirling, all of which afford the most delightful golf, which is to be enjoyed under far happier circumstances than at the crowded seaside resorts. Golf at Stirling is nearly fifty years old, the turf is splendid, and the course has recently been extended. Then at Oban there is a very bonny course. At Auchterarder there is a fine bit of golf that is nearly five hundred feet above the sea-level, with the Grampians to be seen on the northern side and the Ochil hills on the other, the scenery all about being as glorious as the wine-like air. Crieff is close by, and there is another very good nine-holes course at this place. Never despise the nine-holes course at holiday times. Provided there is no crowd at the place, it generally fits in with arrangements better than any other.

The Joys of Picardy. There is one other kind of holiday golf that I must mention—one that affords quite the most delightful rest and change. For my own part, I am rarely so happy as when I and my clubs get into a train at Charing Cross that is going on to Folkestone, where there is a boat waiting that takes us on to Boulogne. There, near those golden sands of Picardy, there is as good golf as you need want, and any kind of life may be led, from the softest dreamy to the ultra-active. For myself, I like

the dreamy way. What could be better than to loaf away a day near your quarters at Ambleteuse—one of the best places in the world for a really restful holiday—and then on the next morning to bike it gaily and quietly up to the most excellent course of the Boulogne G.C., one which is being much improved and developed, and is shortly to take its place as one of the best on the Continent? A few minutes from there, on a tram, and you are into Boulogne again. In the other direction, there is Le Touquet, with all its pleasures and happinesses and golf of a quality that is not easily surpassed. There is Hardelot also, and all along the coast there are little places at which it is most delightful to lodge. I fear that in this August there is no rest for me, but when my time does come I am all for Picardy.

HENRY LEACH.



THE NIBBLICK KING!

Robinson is not a great golfer, but his resourceful way of getting out of difficulties is amazing.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.

HIGH ! HIGH ! HIGH ! THE ACROBATIC FIRE BRIGADE.



1. ON POLES SUGGESTIVE OF OTHER THAN EARTHLY FIRES, JAPANESE FIREMEN PRACTISING THE SASUMATA DRILL ON MASTS WITH PITCHFORK-LIKE ENDS.
2. NOT AS IT IS DONE IN LONDON: ACROBATIC LADDER DRILL.

3. ARRIVING IN PROCESSION: JAPANESE FIREMEN—OLD STYLE.
4. and 5. THE FIREMAN'S LADDER—PLUS POLES—AS GYMNASIAC APPARATUS: JAPANESE FIRE-DRILL.

We are apt to regard the British fireman as a more than ordinary being, attributing to him, with good cause, feats of agility which would tax the mere man in the street very severely. But even we do not expect our firemen to perform such acrobatic tricks as those here illustrated, which would seem better adapted to the variety theatre than to practical fire-fighting, however much they may make for "nerve." It should be understood, of course, that Tokio possesses a thoroughly modern brigade.

The display shown reveals older methods, more picturesque than the new but decidedly less effective.—[Photographs by the Meiji Seihanjo.]



FUTURE AND PRESENT: A GRAND PRIX FOR 1913 AND A NEW ACCELEROMETER.

Another Grand Prix in 1913.

I must admit to feeling some surprise at the issue of conditions for a Grand Prix race in 1913. I confess I had thought that our very good friends across the Channel, having been so very badly beaten in the small-car race, and having only just snatched a none too glorious victory from the Italian, would shut up like a clasped knife on any more international motor races in which they ran such great chances of loss of prestige. But, like the admirable Disko, in "Captains Courageous," I find I am "mistook in my judgments," and that thus early the French have made up their minds to retrieve their lost laurels, and, if possible, to gather fresh ones. This was not so after the old defeat in the Gordon-Bennett races, for then the French trade put their foot down most conclusively. Nevertheless, let us honour them for their resolve. It may be that the effect of the Entente Cordiale has been to imbue them with something of that ignorance of defeat which has hitherto been presumed to be the direct prerogative of the Englishman. In any case, it is good news that the sequence of Grand Prix races is not to cease, and if the makers in this country are true to themselves, the British entry will next year be bigger than ever.

Ordeal by Fuel Consumption.

But the race in 1913 will differ in many interesting particulars from that which took place last month. Instead of adopting cylinder-content regulations, the Grand Prix next year is to be run under fuel-consumption conditions, something on the lines of the Grand Prix of 1907 at Dieppe, and our own most regrettably lapsed Tourist Trophy races. In the Dieppe race an allowance of 30 litres to 100 kilometres (equal, roughly, to $6\frac{1}{2}$ gallons to 63 miles) was permitted, but for the coming event this consumption limit is to be 1 gallon to $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles, with a minimum car-weight of $15\frac{3}{4}$ cwt. One day, and not two, will be devoted to the event, with about 560 miles to cover. The number of cars to be entered by any one maker is unlimited, and forty entries must be received on or before November 1 next. It is suggested that a competition of this kind will entail engines of about four-litres capacity—that is, a piston-swept content of 4000 cubic centimetres. A bore and stroke of $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $6\frac{1}{4}$ in. would be about the proportion necessary, so that the engines would be 10 mm. greater in bore and some 12 mm. longer in stroke than this year's victorious Sunbeams, and 20 mm. by 40 mm. less in bore and stroke, respectively, than Boillot's winning Peugeot.

A Pathetic and Patriotic Appeal.

In the midst and depth of her grief, Lady Loraine has it still in her to give thought to her country and to make a particularly patriotic proposition. Her Ladyship has written a letter to the Press urging the immediate establishment of an Empire Fund, to be presented to the Crown in order that the Royal Flying Corps (an essentially vital arm of the Naval and Military Services) should be at once put upon such a sound financial basis that no alteration of

Government, no loss of individual life in pioneer work may cause the slightest check to the advance movement. Lady Freda Loraine, herself a soldier's daughter, points out that "our present establishments of both naval and military wings of this *haute noblesse* of military services are pitifully weak as regards numbers, when compared with those of other European nations." The Empire should be proud of such women as Lady Loraine, who at once recognised the immense importance of military aviation to this country, and although realising the dangers surrounding the pioneer aviator at every moment of his career, nevertheless accorded heartwhole loyalty to her son's admirable ideals.

Earl Russell Defeated in a Good Fight.

From the Metropolitan motorist's point of view it is assuredly more than regrettable that the appeal of the London County Council against the decision of Mr. Curtis Bennett, dismissing an information against Lord Russell for not furnishing particulars of a car of which he at the time was

not the proprietor, has succeeded before Quarter Sessions. The facts of the case were that Lord Russell obtained a license for his motor-car in January 1911, from a post office in London, without filling in the particulars required. Six months later his attention was called to the omission, and his Lordship then contended that the County Council were not entitled to ask for this information, whereupon he was served with two special notices (one in August and another in November), repeating the demand. The summons issued by the Council was dismissed, and the appeal under review was lodged. The Chairman of the Court of Quarter Sessions was Mr. R. Wallace, K.C., who inflicted a fine of one shilling without costs. The moral of all this potter is—don't take out licenses of



HIS GRACE'S OWN: THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S HUDSON CABRIOLET AT THE DOOR OF GROSVENOR HOUSE.

The "Silent Hudson" is, of course, a self-starter. It may be seen, in company with a splendid array of torpedo, cabriolet, phaeton, and limousine bodies, in the heart of Mayfair—to be precise, at the new show-rooms of the Hudson-Rawlinson Motor Company, at 53, Park Street, Grosvenor Square.—[Photograph by Argent Archer.]

the kind within the area under the control of the London County Council.

The Horse-Power Truth.

A number of very interesting tests were carried out on Friday, 19th inst., by the Royal Automobile Club at Brooklands. Taking advantage of an exceedingly clever instrument known as the Wimperis Accelerometer, the Club invited its members, all and sundry, to drive their cars down to Brooklands and have them tested for the horse-power delivered at the road-wheels. The test was to all outward and visible signs quite simple. An expert arrived with one of the Wimperis instruments, and boarded the car after weighing, whereupon the vehicle was driven round the track as hard as it could be induced to go, particularly over the flying half-mile down the railway straight. The passage of the car over this half-mile was electrically timed by the really wonderful installation designed by Colonel Holden, C.B., the time, and the weight, being mathematically manipulated with a reading from the Wimperis Accelerometer and a constant. I learn, incidentally, that many owners were quite astonished at the results made known to them.

[Continued on a later page.]

WHERE THE BATHER GAILY SPORTS: OSTEND BEACH.

A Cosmopolitan Crowd.

During the months of July and August holiday-makers in their tens of thousands flock to Ostend, that cosmopolitan resort across the "Silver Streak." They range in importance from the American millionaires and Russian Grand Dukes, who pay two or three hundred pounds a week for a suite of rooms, to the British clerk, with or without his good lady, who cuts a dash at Ostend for from ten days to a fortnight, putting up at some obscure pension or little hotel on the outskirts of the old town. What an interesting throng it is that one meets upon the Digue, the *plage*, and in the quaint by-streets of the older town and wide avenues of the newer and more fashionable Ostend: the staid English paterfamilias with his wife and olive-branches; young Government officials who have for the time kicked the dust of Whitehall and Pall Mall from their boots; French actresses, real and unreal; "Society" beauties from all the capitals of Europe; members of the *demi-monde* in startling toilettes and wonderful jewels; with a sprinkling of Belgian holiday-making folk looking highly respectable, and often open-eyed amid the gay throng.



COSTUMED FOR A CALL UPON FATHER NEPTUNE:
FAIR BATHERS AT OSTEND.

Bathers and "Paddlers."

Though Ostend possesses many attractions in the way of cafés, hotel lounges, excursions in the neighbourhood, pleasant Public Gardens, a race-course, and golf-links, it is really on the sea-front and the beach that the life of the place centres on any reasonably fine day, and the bathing provides the chief amusement of the morning. Bathing at Ostend is quite unlike bathing at any other place along the Belgian sea-coast. That at charming Blankenberghe

in her black or red silk and lace scrap of a costume, disports herself in four or five inches of water, to the delight of the crowd lining the sands, the amateur snapshotter, and the professional photographer, who, armed with his tripod camera and clad in white ducks, wades unconcernedly in and out among the machines in search of subjects and francs.

"Balloons" and Undress Rehearsals.

Then there are Monsieur and Madame, he in a striped cotton suits trained to bursting-point over his rotund figure, she in a *chic* bathing costume, wading out quite knee-deep and then gaily splashing each other like two big grown-up children. Sometimes Monsieur is of such ample proportions that the hilarious crowd is apt to call out, "When does the balloon go up?"—a remark which, repeated perhaps half a hundred times during a summer's morning, never fails to raise a laugh in the crowd, and a blush to the face of Monsieur the balloon! Then there are the millionairesses, would-be millionairesses, actresses, and *demi-mondaines*, who, using the *cabines de luxe*, pay anything from ten to twenty francs for their morning "dip," which generally consists of a little promenade in eight or ten inches of water whilst wearing the most ravishing costumes that a daring modiste can design. These *cabines de luxe*, with their white enamel-and-gold furniture, silken or lace curtains, carpets, wash-basins, and lounges form veritable little *loges de toilette* upon wheels. And the advent of one of these at the water's edge never fails to gather an interested crowd, who watch anxiously for the appearance of the inmate or inmates, reckoning that something startling in the way of costumes will surely be seen. Sometimes the occupants will give a more or less undress rehearsal at their window to keep the crowd amused, with all the time an eye upon the possible interference of the *gendarme* or beach official, who is supposed to look after the morals of the bathers at Ostend.



APRONED, CAPPED, AND READY FOR WATERY DUTY: BATHING-WOMEN.

is dull compared with the gay throng of bathers who splash about, ankle or knee-deep, upon the level shore. And the serried ranks of gaily-coloured machines, painted all tints of the rainbow and some which do not appear in the celestial arc, line the water's edge three, four, and sometimes five deep, presenting, let it be noted for the information of intending bathers, great difficulties in finding one's machine on one's return from indulging in the water sports which pass for bathing at giddy Ostend. The bathing-machine men, in their picturesque cinnamon-coloured jackets, blue or white trousers, and gay-coloured neckerchiefs, have a practice of pulling subsequent machines out in front of one's own, so that, although one may have had a front-row machine on entering the water, it may be necessary to seek for the same machine four or five rows back on wishing to come out. The bathers, what an extraordinary mixture they are! One sees the decorous, serge-clad British matron and her daughters wading sturdily as far out into the water as the *sauveteur* and lifeboat men will let them, whilst the gay Parisienne,

and *demi-mondaines*, who, using the *cabines de luxe*, pay anything from ten to twenty francs for their morning "dip," which generally consists of a little promenade in eight or ten inches of water whilst wearing the most ravishing costumes that a daring modiste can design. These *cabines de luxe*, with their white enamel-and-gold furniture, silken or lace curtains, carpets, wash-basins, and lounges form veritable little *loges de toilette* upon wheels. And the advent of one of these at the water's edge never fails to gather an interested crowd, who watch anxiously for the appearance of the inmate or inmates, reckoning that something startling in the way of costumes will surely be seen. Sometimes the occupants will give a more or less undress rehearsal at their window to keep the crowd amused, with all the time an eye upon the possible interference of the *gendarme* or beach official, who is supposed to look after the morals of the bathers at Ostend.



WITH BUGLE, LIFE-LINE, AND CORK-JACKET: "SAUVETAGE" MEN.



AN AFTERNOON DIVERSION: "FIVE O'CLOCK" IN THE GROUNDS OF A GREAT HOTEL.

Photographs by Clive Holland.

their afternoons in excursions, visits to the Wellington Hippodrome when racing is in progress, or a round upon the golf-links, or they patronise the croquet and lawn-tennis courts of the Grand Palace or the Club. Fine evenings are generally spent upon the Digue. Night does not come early at Ostend, for after the Casino and the music-hall performances are done there are still the cafés and *cercles privés*.

Ostend Days and Nights.

But the bathing, after all, is not everything at Ostend. Quite a number of family parties may be seen playing lawn-tennis and croquet upon the hard, level stretches of sand; whilst cycling, sand-yachting, bowls, and other similar sports are freely indulged in. Most people spend



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Affected Flower-Growers.

Quite recently I read in some review a spirited attack on the affectations of the amateur gardener. And, indeed, it was time for someone in authority to speak. For ever since the publication of that delicious book, "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," there has arisen a whole tribe of imitators who have neither the Countess von Arnim's literary style nor her humour and her observation of life. Many of these would-be authors publish their works, I fancy, because they cannot get listeners when they wish to discourse at length of their gardens. Hence there has been, of late, something of an epidemic in the shape of garden-books. It is a form of literature which every woman feels competent to adventure upon. The amateur, especially if she has the enthusiasm of the neophyte, wishes all the world to admire the perfection of her taste in colour-schemes or in planning. We are called upon to applaud does she but put two fat green tubs in front of her paved walk. The spot where she places a curved white garden-seat is made an affair of national importance. Her scorn of certain flowers is only equalled by her unreasoning admiration for other kinds of blossoms. You are made to feel something of a barbarian, a being to be relegated to the outer darkness, do you venture to hold an opinion contrary to hers. Gardening is said to have a civilising and soothing effect on the character, but in the case of certain of the authors of garden books no such desirable consummation is to be perceived.

The Heart of the Garden.

It seems to me that a

garden is something like a wife: a thing to be cherished (even adored) but not to be prated about to the man in the street. It is essentially intimate and private, and that is why no public pleasure, however sumptuous, can ever appeal to us as does even a London scrap of mown-grass and lilac-trees which we can proudly call our own. For flowers in parks, however cunningly massed and intermingled, are ours no more than the pictures in the National Gallery. We have not that sense of possession, of effort made in achieving or acquiring the thing, which makes a garden or a room full of pictures of our own so appealing. The garden should represent—and usually does—our character, tastes, and temperament; but it no more becomes us to be garrulous in print about it than to discuss our amiable weaknesses and our foolish likings with the public at large. And Mrs. Evelyn Cecil, the writer of the spirited attack aforesaid, points out the virus which is laying hold of the amateur horticulturist. "Some microbe of the modern thirst for advertisement and publicity has crept into our gardens," says she, and she justly urges that it is better, for the character, to spend days "grubbing weeds from gravel paths with broken dinner-knives and killing slugs on borders" than to be rushing into print to tell the Anglo-Saxon public that you cannot abide geraniums and feel ill at the sight of magenta-coloured stocks.

Fashions in Flowers.

It is amazing how the mode constantly changes in the matter of flowers—almost as rapidly, indeed, as in millinery—so that the great nurserymen must be as hard put to it as the gods who reign in the Rue de la Paix to produce new "creations" for an ever-expectant public. Only a few years ago, when herbaceous borders first burst upon us in all their semi-cultivated charm, they were mostly suffered to be only blue in colour-scheme, or purple, blue, and lavender. Again, who would have imagined, only a decade since, that tulips would have achieved the beautiful and wonderful appearance they now possess, when they rival those of the Dutch bulb-growers of the seventeenth century? Tulips, indeed, have arrogantly and triumphantly taken possession not only of our gardens, but of our hearths and homes, but only since the growers dropped the monotonous, gaudy, scarlet- and -amber tones to revel in rose-pinks, amethysts, creamy-whites, and the tones of peaches and burgundies. Then, again, the humble forget-me-not is come into her own, and flourishes amazingly, in vast plots, or coyly planted round the trunks of slender trees. Indeed, blue, in the garden, has made triumphant strides of late, and has ousted the more glaring yellows out of their former supremacy. Another triumph of the gardener has been to introduce the blossoms of strange lands into our European gardens, and the lovely azalea now flourishes in the open air in this island as abundantly as it does in Japan.

Our Secret Loves.

I was walking, the other day, in his grounds, with the ex-Headmaster of a great Public School, when he confided to me his passion for "Sweet Williams." "Why do you like them?" I asked. "Well," he answered, "because I used to grow them when I was a tiny little boy." And this, I take it, is the secret of most of our likes and dislikes among the beds and borders. Who has not an unavowed adoration for some homely little flower just because he gravely watered and tended them when he wore socks and latchet-shoes, and to carry the watering-can without spilling it was a high adventure? Personally, I cannot see pink hollyhocks without emotion, nor crimson snapdragon without awe, for how often have I watched, of a hot midsummer morning, at the age of four, a fat and furry bumble-bee insinuating itself into the calyx of the flower, and been afraid that the petals would close and it would never more come forth into the light and sunshine. Such cottage flowers, like Phlox and "London Pride," appeal to us in certain moods more than all the sumptuous roses of England and France, or the orchids of Borneo and Brazil. Yet the individuals who cherish these bygone loves would never write books about them, nor insist that other folk were lacking in taste and culture if they did not share their enthusiasms. Indeed, the modern garden—in England more than in France—has become so intimate and personal a thing as to be a revelation of character, a kind of Futurist picture of the Soul.



A CHANGE FROM THE BANAL BATHING-SUITS OF ENGLAND: FASCINATING FRENCH FASHIONS FOR THE SEA.

The left-hand bathing-suit of black-and-white striped delaine is bordered round the sleeves, neck, and skirt with white, and has a white-kid belt: the red-foulard cap is tied at the nape of the neck. The centre figure at the back is seen in a white costume, enlivened with scarlet revers and belt, and a silk cap. The figure on the right is wearing a black taffetas suit. The sleeves and tablier are made of white delaine, with tabs fastened over with crystal buttons; the white-silk cap is tied in knots over the ears.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 12.

OF RUBBER.

THIS week's auction sales will be watched with keen interest by those who have been re-dabbling in Rubber shares. That the Dock Strike must have resulted in a good deal of raw material being "hung up" on the Thames appears to be likely enough, although some of the Mincing Lane authorities maintain that such is not the case, and that, actually, something very near a shortage will be apparent before long. Were the month and the season of year different, we should venture to predict higher prices for Rubber shares, but in face of the dog-days and holidays it might be hardly worth while to buy unless the purchaser were content to expect a possible hiatus of activity for some few weeks to come. The market, all the same, seems to be quite a good one.

The directors of the Mount Austin (Johore) Rubber Company are to be congratulated on their report. In spite of the increase in capital, they are able to maintain the dividend at 5 per cent. The shares have considerable attraction at their present price as a speculative investment, and the 6 per cent. Debentures, now about par, appear pretty well secured.

AND OF OIL.

Like the Home Railway department, the Oil Market is suffering from a bad attack of financial indigestion brought on by those generous souls who bit off more than they could comfortably masticate. The demand for oil as a fuel does not develop at the rapid pace expected by the many optimists who want to see coal ousted to-day, and its place taken to-morrow by oil. Sir Marcus Samuel's glowing periods at last month's meeting of the great Shell Transport Company have been anti-climaxed by steady shrinkage in the price of the shares since then. As usual, the Stock Exchange Market started to run when it should have been willing quietly to walk. Of course, oil is to be the "coming thing," and the market supporters who stick to good dividend-paying shares will do well out of it in the long run.

STOCK EXCHANGE LITERATURE.

There is an article on the London Stock Exchange in the current *Quarterly Review* which answers, in its introduction, many inquiries we receive as to what are the best books to read for the understanding of Stock Exchange procedure and practice. The article, which itself sets out in plain language some of the intricacies of Stock Exchange dealings, takes for its text the five following books—

- Stocks and Shares, by Hartley Withers. 7s. 6d. net.
- Stock Exchange Law and Practice, by W. A. Bewes. 12s. 6d.
- The Stock Exchange, by F. W. Hirst. 1s. net.
- Rise of the London Money Market, by W. R. Bisschop. 5s. net.
- The Mechanism of the City, by Ellis T. Powell.

The first-named, admirably written and eminently common-sensible, will probably take rank as the classic of the subject; it abounds in useful and readily comprehended financial assistance. No. 2 is already regarded as a standard work for legal and technical purposes. No. 3 contains a remarkable amount of serviceable information, considering its size. No. 4 is a thoughtful and a learned volume. No. 5 covers a wide area with skill and knowledge. For the average reader Nos. 1 and 3 will probably provide him with all that he requires, and both make very interesting reading even to the well-informed.

SOME HOME RAIL DIVIDENDS.

After a prolonged period of weakness Home Rails enjoyed a fair rally during the last two days, when no fewer than seven Companies announced their half-year dividends. These did not make a very good showing, but after the Great Eastern and other announcements, the Market had got very pessimistic, and the results were better than the expectations. Considerable reductions were made in every case, except that of the Great Northern, which was the most satisfactory, as the distribution was maintained at the same rate as last year, and a considerable saving in working expenses is revealed. The gross published traffics for the half-year were £150,000 down, while from the figures it appears that nearly half this amount was recovered by the reduction in working costs.

In the case of the London and South-Western Company, the directors have taken the not unreasonable course of drawing upon the reserves in view of the exceptional circumstances. In spite of £45,000 from this source, however, the dividend on the undivided Ordinary stock is reduced from 4 per cent. paid last year to 3 per cent., and the carry-forward remains practically unchanged. Last year £20,000 was placed to reserve, so it is clear that no appreciable saving, if any, has been achieved in the working.

The Great Central result appears worse, perhaps, than is really the case: the 1874 Prefs. receive their 2½ per cent. dividend this half-year, while for the six months of 1911 all the stocks up to and including the 1889 Prefs. received their dividend. The reduction is equivalent to a sum of £127,000, and the carry-forward is £29,000 less, so the net revenue shows a decline of only £156,000, against a published reduction in gross revenue of £188,000. Allowing for

under-publication, therefore, it is probable that £20,000 at least has been saved on working expenses.

It may seem that we dwelt overmuch on the question of working expenses in the three cases dealt with above, but we consider this is the most important point for the Companies at present, and with regard to the outlook, we must confess that we do not take a very optimistic view. We fear working expenses will continue to expand. The Insurance Act is a far more serious matter for the Railways than seems to be generally realised, coal contracts will probably only be renewed at higher prices, and the tendency of wages is bound to be upwards.

BANK OF EGYPT.

The Circular issued by the Official Receiver and the Liquidator of the Bank of Egypt, announcing that all efforts to dispose of the assets to another company had failed, is a distinct disappointment to all concerned. The first call of £4 3s. 4d. per share was paid in May last, and has produced about £193,000 out of £208,000 due to the Bank, and in order to meet the outstanding liabilities of £547,700, it will be necessary to proceed with the collection of the two calls due Aug. 31 and Sept. 30. It had been hoped that a great part of the uncalled capital would be saved, but the future in this direction is not very rosy, and it must, at all events, be a very considerable time before shareholders receive anything. The holders who sold at five or six pounds a share on the day of the stoppage appear to us to have got the best of the bargain, despite the hopeful state of Egyptian matters and the crop prospects.

THE GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY.

The directors of the Gas Light and Coke Company have declared a dividend at the rate of £4 17s. 4d. per annum for the half-year ended June 30, and the amount carried forward is increased by £41,700 to £768,400. The result is fully up to expectations, as there is an increase of 2s. 8d. per cent. Owing chiefly to the reduction in the price to consumers, the gross receipts are smaller than for the first half of 1911, but the cost of coal was lower. Under Mr. Woodhall's direction, the Company's progress has been excellent, and there is no reason why it should not continue.

THE NIGER COMPANY.

The Niger Company's report for 1911 has just been issued, and does not make quite such a good showing as was hoped. Trading profits show a fair improvement at £89,200, but proceeds of sales and concessions, and profits on the working, fell from £125,800 in 1910 to £43,900. The dividend is maintained at 10 per cent., and a special mining bonus of 2s. per share will be paid at the end of September. The yield, therefore, at the present price is not over large, but prospects are attractive. The recent issue of 50,000 shares at £2 premium will provide additional funds which can be profitably employed, and the completion of the Baro-Kano Railway, and of the branch between Zaria and Banchi is bound to speed up the development of the country. The activity in the Nigerian Tin shares led to a big demand for new concessions, and we know that a very considerable number were disposed of, so that receipts under this heading should improve during the current year.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Brazilian Electric combination is for the moment absorbing the energies of the Pearson-Van Horne-Mackenzie group, but their next deal will be, we hear, to bring about a Mexican combine of the same class. Probably nothing will be done until after the holidays, but any readers who can afford it won't hurt by buying and putting away a few Mexican Light and Power Common shares.

* * * * *

For a sheer gamble, the Common shares of the International Railways of Central America at 28 may be bought, and we believe will show a good profit before the end of the year. To make money, you must take them up and possess your soul in patience.

Saturday, July 27, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

NUSSED.—"Johnnies" last dividend was 1s. 6d. They would go better if there were a revival of interest in the Kaffir Market. Pahang Consolidated is quite a bona-fide concern, and at the present price of tin should be doing fairly.

J. G.—The price of oil is so high that we rather anticipate activity in this market during the autumn.

AVONMORE.—Hold your Yankee Rails. When the elections are over, they will probably go better all round. As to the Rubber shares, it is a pure question of the price of the raw material. All your Companies are sound ones.

D. P. H.—With regard to the B.A. and Pacific Ordinary, the position is that very heavy sums have been spent which will not produce adequate returns for probably some years; hence the stock is low, and dividends in the near future uncertain. We prefer Central Argentine Ordinary to the above or either of the English railways.

ELLEM.—The following might suit you: (1) Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Twenty-Year Gold Bonds; (2) Chesapeake and Ohio 4½ per cent. 1930 Convertible Gold Bonds; (3) Great Western of Brazil 6 per cent. Preference; (4) Kensington and Knightsbridge Electric Light Ordinary shares. This will give you an average of 5¼ per cent. for your money.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

On the Move.

People are playing general post, geographically, just now, changing about from place to place. It is to make such changing pleasant, convenient, and enjoyable that the well-known firm of John Pound and Company lay themselves out so successfully. No one should undertake a journey without visiting one or other of their establishments. They are: 266-70, Oxford Street; 211, Regent Street; 67, Piccadilly; 177-8, Tottenham Court Road; and 81-4, Leadenhall Street—Head Office and City Showrooms: one or other must be convenient for all clients. Their cases are world-renowned for compactness and for wear. A lady's motor case, fully fitted in the most complete way, with silver and ivory, the size of which is 12 in. by 8 in., by 4 in., costs only £6 15s.

There is a new-shaped kit-bag in best oxbide, 24 in., suitable for week-end visits; the price is only 60s. A splendid motor suit-case, which is dust-proof and covered with washable canvas, and is a light weight, measuring 26 in. by 16 in. by 8 in., is sold for 52s. 6d. There is a new compressed cane trunk, fitted with a deep tray, divided off into sections, which can be changed in shape by shifting the divisions, and this is a wonderful convenience. The shape is also new and excellent. Novel and very convenient is a leather hat-box, circular in shape, which will take a best hat, and is fitted with a webbing, in which a best blouse can also be carried securely. This will please members of my sex who love touring, but on occasion do not care to look like tourists. These are but a few culled from dozens of new and delightful things designed by this firm for making travel easy.

Health and Refreshment.

When we are away holiday-making, we should remember that our skins are being severely tried

by sun and wind, for British holidays are spent mostly out of doors. S. F. Goss, Ltd., 460, Oxford Street, and 17, Brompton Road, have a splendid oatmeal skin-food which is a real nourishment to the skin, and is a pure, natural food. It does not encourage the growth of hair, and is 1s. 6d. a tube, or 2s. 6d. in an ornamental jar, which looks nice in my lady's chamber, while a family jar costs 7s. 6d. Then there is wonderful refreshment and prevention from rheumatism and gout in this firm's Salozone Pine bath-salts. They are a cure as well as a prevention, as they generally brace up the system. There are quantities of other excellent specialties to be had at this establishment, but these are invaluable holiday companions. A delightful perfume, too, is Goss's Tulipe Rembrandt at 3s. 6d. and 6s. 6d. a bottle.

The First Breath.

Goodwood Meeting gives to the jaded pleasure-hunter the first breath of the freer life of what are called holidays. The drive from Chichester up to the course is delightful because of the fresh air. If one had to climb the great hill, pleasure used to be destroyed by the sufferings of the horses. Nowadays, however, motors are more used, and the hill is patrolled by officials of the S.P.C.A., who allow no beating and torturing of the willing horses. Once up on the downs, the real exhilaration of the air, fresh from the sea, the hills, and the trees, is felt, and yet one often hears folk wondering why Goodwood is so much less tiring than any other meeting!

A Good Thing.

To travel in light marching-order is the ideal thing. No one, nowadays, wants to go about with stacks of baggage to look after. It is sent by wise folk in advance, and only what is personally required accompanies the traveller. Best and Company—best by reputation as well as name—of 188, Sloane Street, and Aldford Street, Park Lane, have introduced the ideal suit-case. It is well fitted with full-sized and beautifully made brushes, bottles, and cases in aluminium;

it is 24 inches long, 15 inches wide, and 5½ inches deep. The fittings are arranged very neatly and compactly. The case is of light, solid leather, lined to match. The fittings are full, including a pair of hair-brushes, hat-brush, cloth-brush, flask, Gillette razor, soap-case, three bottles, and various other things, and the price is only ten guineas. The ideal quality of this perfectly practical case is its lightness. Fully fitted it weighs only 9 lb. With this as travelling companion, a man is independent of porters, and they are not easily obtainable in holiday time.

Wedding Bells.

They will chime gaily this week, and ring out the season finally. Many Society luminaries will return on Friday after the races, and go on to Cowes either on Sunday or Tuesday; most people are glad to avoid Bank Holiday at the gay little yacht port on the Solent. There is the wedding on Saturday of the Marquess of Anglesey, one of our richest and handsomest young Peers, with Lady Marjorie Manners, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, a very pretty, clever, and popular member of the smart artistic set. This event will fill St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, with well-known guests, even when August is here. At noon on the same day, Lady Theo Acheson, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Gosford, will be married in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, to the Hon. Alexander Cadogan, youngest son of Earl Cadogan. Lady Theo is a great favourite with all who know her. Her portrait, with her two sisters, now Lady Aldra Stanley and Lady Mary Ward, was one of the most admired pictures in the Academy a few years ago. Lord and Lady Gosford have long been in the Household of Queen Alexandra, who will probably attend the wedding, as she did those of the bride's two sisters. The bridegroom's mother was also a favourite with Queen Alexandra, who, as Princess of Wales, often dined with her at Chelsea House on Derby Night.



A FAIR HARPIST: MISS MIRIAM TIMOTHY, A.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM A TRANS-ATLANTIC TOUR.

Miss Miriam Timothy, who is an accomplished harpist, has recently returned from an extensive tour in the United States and Canada. She is a sister of Lady (Herbert) Parsons.

MARRIED BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON: THE HON. NOEL BLIGH AND HIS BRIDE AFTER THEIR WEDDING.

The wedding of the Hon. Noel Bligh, younger son of the Earl of Darnley, and Miss Mary Jack Frost, daughter of Mrs. G. A. Frost, and the late Captain Frost, R.A., took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on the 24th. The Bishop of London officiated and also lent London House for the reception. The Earl of Wharnccliffe lent Simonstone, Yorkshire, for the honeymoon.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



A CRICKET WEDDING: MR. AND MRS. J. R. MASON LEAVING THE PARISH CHURCH AT BECKENHAM.

The wedding of Mr. J. R. Mason and Miss Mary Rose Powell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Powell, of Knoll House, Beckenham, took place on the 24th. Both the bridegroom and the bride's brother, Mr. W. A. Powell, are well-known Kent county cricketers, and all the members of the team were present. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Southwark, Dr. Burge, who was Headmaster of Winchester in Mr. Mason's schooldays there.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The New Humpty-Dumpty."

By DANIEL CHAUCER.
(The Bodley Head.)

Mr. Chaucer has already given us one delightful book of wisdom-read by us all and enjoyed the more for its motley, which is one of Wisdom's traditional costumes. Cranks still foot it fantastically through this, his second essay. But not on the old ground, nor are we reminded particularly of "The Simple Life," except by the presence of one appallingly unpleasant lady who has obviously strayed from it. Galizia, a country which might be in South America, but is only two days' steaming from Southampton, had proclaimed a republic, and exiled the young king. But, happily for him, copper and cobalt abounded in his dominions, and consequently the oddest syndicate combined to put him back upon his throne. Sergius Mikailovitch—Count Macdonald in the Russian nobility, is its ringleader. A Quixote without illusions, he had given away three fortunes. One of these had gone to a Russian anarchist club in London. Then, of course, they became capitalists: and the club collapsed. A Russian idealist, though of Scottish blood, a born adventurer, though educated at Harrow, this was the ringleader of the plot to reinstate the king. We are introduced to the king playing spillikins with a large pile of wooden toothpicks that he had emptied on to the tablecloth at the Ritz; he was lifting them with a hairpin lent by Miss Flossie Coward, the popular musical-comedy girl of the moment. Not that the king cared about musical-comedy girls. But it was in the programme. By such things as that, Count Macdonald averred, a monarch wins the great heart of the people. "The heart of another is a dark forest, it's true; but the heart of a people is a child's plaything. You can turn it right or left with any catchword. Why, if Mr. Spenlow [the king's incognito], could win the Derby, or kill a bull in the bull-ring, his descendants would be safe upon the throne of Galizia for the next thousand years!" So this nation of sportsmen—for the Galizians like bull-fights and cock-fights and any sort of row—was to be tickled by a king who, so far from being the milksop they despised, filled the papers with his desperate doings, with the breaking of hearts and speed-limits. (He was really devoted to machinery.) The millionaires were engaged to bribe every Galizian born up to his price—eight and fourpence; and on this triumphant wave of counter-revolution the young king came to his own again. Mr. Chaucer puts it inimitably. There is nothing for it but to believe every word he says. As to the love-interest, a charming Englishwoman, rich and great, and very, very English; not alone loves, but can afford to love Macdonald in the princely

way that his qualities demanded. All women loved him, naturally, but he, though so infinitely lovable, is not essentially a lover. Her story may be read in the pretty allusion to nightingales made by the Russian Baroness, another of the hero's friends. The nightingales of Kurshk are caught young from the nests and kept in dark cages for two or three years. Then on a moonlight night one is hung in its little cage in the park of a prince or the garden of a lover. - And it sings all through the night, and in the morning it dies. "If some of the gentlemen who come to my receptions were to hear that," said Lady Aldington, who dispensed Radical hospitality, "they would move in the House for a detachment of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals people to be sent to the district of Kurshk." "My dear," Madame Sassonoff replied, "God also is sometimes such a trainer of nightingales. And not even the British Constitution can send Prevention of Cruelty people to God." It was, indeed, but an hour of glorious life for her. Count Macdonald was of those *qui n'ont pas la veine*. But beyond the fact that all the restored king's troops could not set him together again, there is no necessity to insist on the "Humpty-Dumpty" theory.

"Halcyone."

By ELINOR GLYN.
(Duckworth.)

Mrs. Elinor Glyn has apparently been devoting herself to the study of ancient Greek. And hence her heroine with the Greek name and much talk of Greek legend and Greek culture. Halcyone has three claims to distinction: breeding, mouse-coloured hair, and a soul. She lived in an enchanted house with two enchanted old ladies, for nothing had moved there but herself since the 'sixties. It had secret passages known only to her, and contained antique treasures of priceless value hidden away while the poor old ladies were selling their china and Chippendale piece by piece for bread. Halcyone's great find was a marble head (undoubtedly Greek) of Aphrodite. Even at the age of twelve she had a discrimination not unworthy of the renowned Dr. Bode. Aphrodite became her familiar spirit. She found Greek legend in everything except the old Aunts, and most especially in a very ordinary young man who visited her Greek professor. He was Jason and Theseus, and Perseus. And when, later, he proved to be something infinitely less, Aphrodite, whose Greek poets would fail to recognise her in her selfless nobility, inspires Halcyone to love still, as a hero, the man who had deserted her for a very inferior Circe. Greek thought is too virile to go sweetly with novel-making. Everyone reads Mrs. Elinor Glyn, and in spite of all the Greek "Halcyone" invokes, it is safe to say that no one will be put off by too profound a scholarship.



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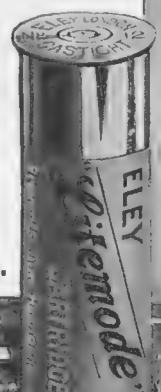
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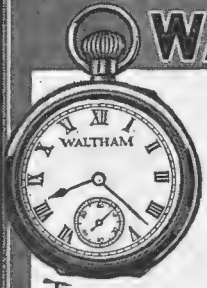
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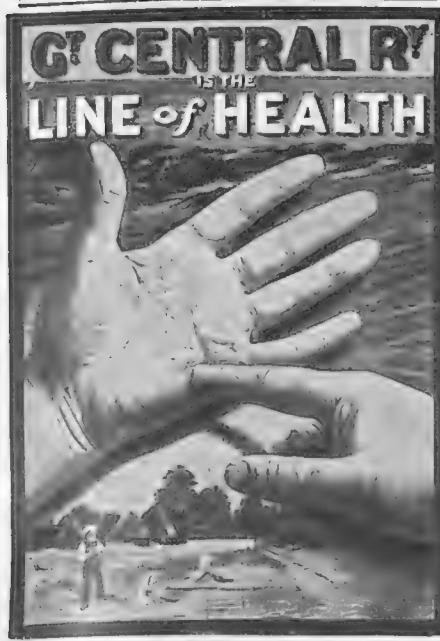
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£1000 INSURANCE. See page xi.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with a Norman - Château Hotel; M. Theodore Kosloff; Family Bathing in a French River; the Octopus as a Recoverer of Lost Property; Strange Things Seen by the Camera; a Man Standing in the Mouth of an Active Geyser; in the famous Plaza de Toros of Madrid; Various Kinds of Athletics; a Parisienne.



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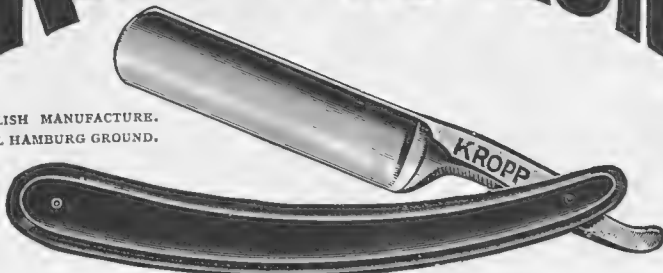
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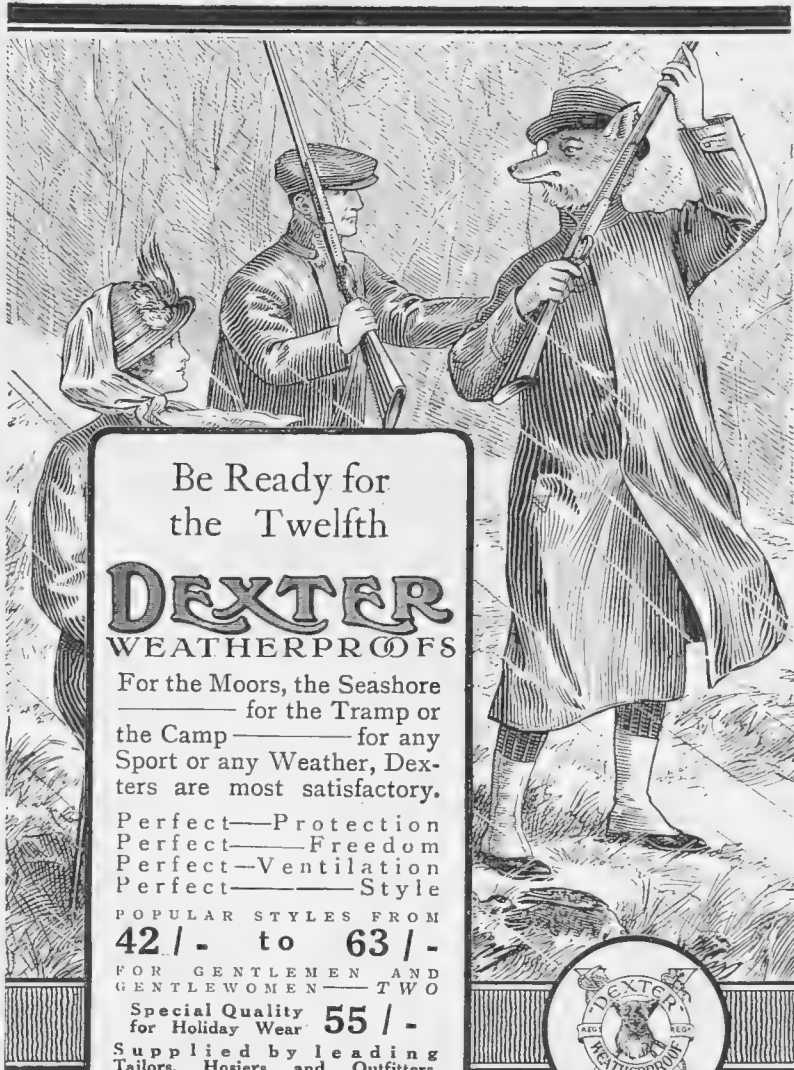
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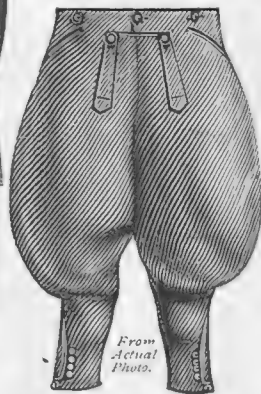
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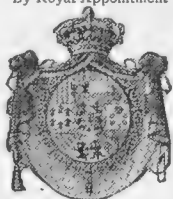
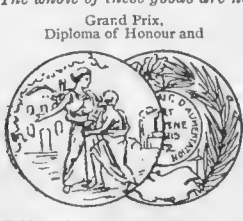
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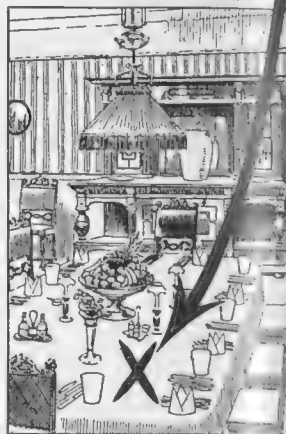
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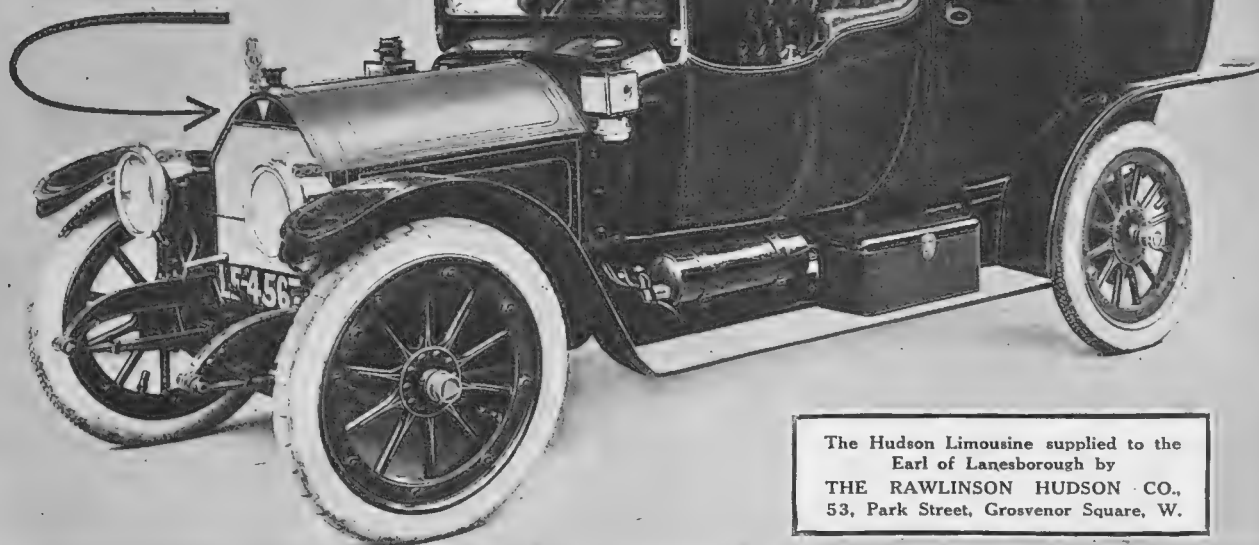
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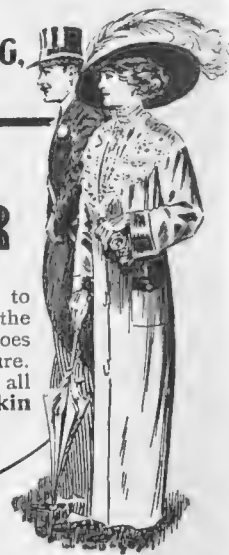
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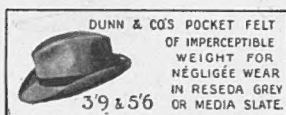


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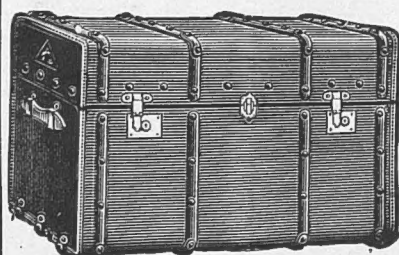
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CONCERNING OBESITY.

Its Effect and Treatment.

OBESITY is a disorder of nutrition, a trouble characterised by hypertrophy of the adipose cellular tissue.

It usually commences after physical growth has ended. It is not localised in the subcutaneous tissue alone, and this has caused many physicians to call Obesity a generalised lipomatosis.

OBESITY HARMFUL TO HEALTH.

Obesity injures health by reason of the functional troubles caused by accumulations of fat.

For the person afflicted with Obesity, any effort, physical as well as mental, is difficult, and sometimes almost impossible.

THE PERSON AFFLICTED WITH OBESITY IS, ABOVE ALL, APATHETIC. The need for rest is at all times mandatory.

With the least exertion DYSPNOEA and PALPITATIONS OF THE HEART appear, and the latter becomes so insistent that in time the majority of those who have Obesity grow ANÆMIC. In some cases the malady leads to veritable FATTY DEGENERATION OF THE HEART, which may result in serious cardiac troubles.

OBESITY DESTROYS BEAUTY.

Obesity ruins beauty by destroying the harmony of proportions.

In the early stages of increasing fatness it is at the base of the cheeks that the fatty cells localise and multiply; then, particularly with women, the fatty tissues develop on the shoulders, on the breast, and under the arms; the stature thickens, the hips become disproportionately large, and, finally, the arms and legs become misshapen.

TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

1. Mechanical Treatments.

Consisting of violent exercises, excessively long walks, massage.

These methods are more preventive and prophylactic than curative.

2. External Treatments.

Based on absorption by the skin, they consist of the applications of pomades, unguents, soaps, mineral waters, vapour baths, &c.

Other external treatments have never given appreciable results. On the contrary, their use has been the frequent cause of SKIN DISEASES, owing to the irritating effect on the skin of persons disposed to cutaneous troubles.

3. Internal Treatments.

Of all the internal treatments variously recommended up to the present day, those involving the use of organic matter drawn from the thyroid gland of animals, or based upon acetic acid, unquestionably tend to reduce weight, but they cause such havoc in the human system that physicians forbid their use.

Sufferers should also avoid Obesity treatments which claim to cure within a few days; as the too sudden loss of flesh is most prejudicial to the health.

What Iodhyrine is.

Iodhyrine is an ALBUMINO-IODISED COMPOUND prepared SYNTHETICALLY, ENTIRELY ASSIMILABLE, and DEVOID OF ALL POISONOUS ACTION, invented by Dr. Deschamp, of the Paris Faculty of Medicine.

Its action is limited solely to the dissolution and dispersal of superfluous fat, expelling it through the natural channels.

MEDICAL TESTIMONY.

Besides the numerous medical reports published by Dr. Boteano, under the supervision of Professor Lancereaux, of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, various well-known Medical Men, such as Dr. Luis S. Molist, M.R.A. (Barcelona), M.O.L.R. (Paris), M.I.C.F.O. (Berlin), Dr. Angel Mur, Dr. J. Civit, Dr. C. Ruosenecu, Dr. Maurice Doyen, have shown their approval of Dr. Deschamp's Iodhyrine.

Iodhyrine is obtainable of

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July 31, 1912.

Signature.....

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

A Model
Instruction Book.

Instruction books issued by manufacturers in connection with their cars are not too numerous, and not always too well done. It has been my privilege to draw attention to several in these notes, notably the one issued by the Wolseley Tool and Motor Company, and that produced by Messrs. S. F. Edge, in connection, of course, with the Napier cars. There is now to hand the Daimler Handbook, by J. A. Mackle, B.Eng., than which nothing better has as yet come under my notice. The author seems a master of his subject, and possesses the enviable faculty of making mechanical explanations clear to the non-technical. No effort has been spared to make the book thoroughly comprehensive in dealing with the 1912 types of cars turned out by the great Coventry firm. I am well acquainted with the detail of Daimler cars, and have failed to imagine matter connected with their care and conduct that is not fairly and clearly dealt with in Mr. Mackle's work. I may say I have never come across a more easily comprehensible description of the form and working of the Knight sleeve-valve engine, although it must be said that that explanation is aided immensely by most convincing photographs and clearly drawn and lettered diagrams. No owner or user of a 1912 Daimler should be without this book.

Petrol and Paraffin
Conjoined.

The agitation with respect to the abnormal price of petrol and, doubtless, the price of petrol itself is again setting spurs to the inventor's brain-chase after substitutes. Of course, the golden solution of the whole question, so far as this country is concerned, would be the production of a home-grown fuel in sufficient quantity. I am unable to speak definitely as to that, and I question very much whether anyone could. Of course, it would mean alcohol, which has already been proved a possibility with British thermal units in its favour; but whether this country could produce alcohol sufficient in quantity and low enough in price is a matter upon which I have as yet seen no definite pronouncement. But before arriving at the final home-grown alcohol stage, there may be, to use an Irishism, many half-way houses by the way. One of which I hear (the details are not yet for publication) concerns a two-jet carburettor, which employs both petrol and paraffin. So far as I understand the device which is now under trial, when the engine won't run on anything but petrol it gets petrol; but as it becomes more amenable to paraffin it gets more and more paraffin—obviously to the saving of the car-owner's pocket.

HOLIDAY NOTES.

DEAUVILLE has for many years held a leading position among the most fashionable seaside resorts of France. This year the attractions of the town have been enhanced by the opening of a magnificent new casino and a new hotel, built in the style of an old Norman château. It is under the management of Mr. Jules Rey, proprietor of the Hotel Victoria, Monte Carlo. The season, which is just commencing, promises to be a brilliant one. The race-meeting opens on August 3, and the prize money amounts to £23,000. Polo also commences next week, the ground at Deauville being considered one of the best in France. The lawn-tennis tournament is fixed for August 25. Golf, pigeon-shooting, and boating are also provided for the amusement of visitors.

In order to relieve the Bank Holiday traffic, the New Palace Steamer Company's boat, the *Koh-i-Noor*, will on Friday afternoon, Aug. 2, make a special trip to Margate and back, leaving Old Swan Pier at 2 p.m. Special trains leave Fenchurch Street at 3.25 p.m., and St. Pancras at 2.43 p.m. The offices at 50, King William Street, will be open every evening until 9 p.m. for the convenience of those passengers desirous of purchasing their tickets before the holidays.

For the many thousands of holiday-makers who will take advantage of the August Bank Holiday the Great Central Railway have just published a most varied choice of excursion facilities to all parts of their system. A perusal of their special A.B.C. programme reveals the extensiveness of the arrangements offered to over three hundred holiday resorts and towns in the Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the North of England. Copies of this special holiday programme may be obtained free at Marylebone Station, at G.C.R. Agencies, or by post from Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W.

Motorists will welcome the publication of the *Autocar* Sectional Road Map of the Environs of London, which is an entirely new map, prepared by Messrs. Bartholomew and Co., specially for the use of the motoring fraternity. The map is in eight separate sections, printed on strong cards (10 in. by 7½ in.), with an index-map to the sections on the back of each. The scale is four miles to the inch, main and other roads being distinctly marked in red. Distances between towns are given, and the map is contoured in colour to show gradients. It extends to Colchester on the north, Portsmouth on the south, Oxford on the west, and Broadstairs on the east. The price, with a waterproof envelope, is 3s. 6d. net. The map is published by the *Autocar*, 20, Tudor Street, E.C.

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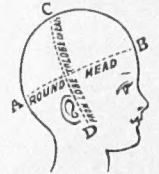
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Whatever else you do, never use ointment for skin trouble. Ointment soils your clothing, disfigures your looks, clogs the pores, and fails to cure. Antexema is a liquid cream, prepared from a doctor's prescription in our own laboratory, and it does what no ointment on earth is capable of doing. It soothes and cools the irritated surface of your skin, and owing to its extraordinary antiseptic virtues it kills all disease germs. At the same time, it forms an invisible artificial skin over the bad place, and your skin soon becomes healthy and spotless.

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